The Saturday Evening Post.

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DYING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Let me lie upon your breast;
  Lift me up, and let me twine
Round your neck, my arms, and rest
  With your cheek laid close to mine.
Kiss me, kiss me tenderly;
  I am dying now, you know.
Though you feel no love for me,
  Clasp me, kiss me, ere I go.

I have hungered many years,
  For a moment, love, like this.
Oh, my darling! let no tears
  Mar this drop of earthly bliss.
Do not weep because you know
  I am dropping off to rest.
I am very glad to go;
  Life is wearisome at best.

I have loved you, oh so long!
  Seeing, knowing, in my pain,
That my love was wild and wrong;
  Unrequited, hopeless, vain.
Was it weak, unwomanly
  Thus to shrine you in my heart?
Oh, I struggled frantically,
  Bade your image to depart.

There are hearts that love will pierce,
  Then depart and die at will.
Such as mine burns long and fierce,
  Till the heart is cold and still.
Dropping, sinking off to rest,
  Fearing nought of pain or strife.
Kiss me, clasp me to your breast,
  This is all I ask of life.

FUNERAL ON THE ICE BY MOONLIGHT.

The peculiar state of the atmosphere in the arctic regions gives rise to many singular appearances in the heavens. When the moon shed its cold beams upon the burial scene of two of the sailors connected with one of the expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin, its appearance was such as is represented in the picture. You may have often seen a halo, or circle of light, round the moon. This is caused by the fleecy clouds which are floating in the air; the rays of the moon passing through the clouds, are bent, and thus produce this beautiful appearance. In these northern parts, where it is extremely cold, very small crystals of ice float in the place of clouds, and as the rays of the sun or moon pass through this frozen mist, the spectator sees not only a halo, but also images of the sun or moon on the halo, at equal distances from each other. So you have sometimes seen the image of the sun in a lake. The rays are bent, and then produce to the eye an appearance or image, like the sun or moon. In the same way that the rainbow is formed by the reflected rays of the sun from drops of falling rain. We see a rainbow when we stand between the sun and the rain, but we see the halos, and mock moons, when the frozen mist is between us and the moon.

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER V.

CALLED UP BY TELEGRAM.

The village of Chilling was a small village, scarcely to be called one. It was retired, primitive, and very beautiful. A green there was, on which the stocks stood, unused now, and a bare common with a pound in its corner. The highroad wound past both green and common, with its handful of cottagers' dwellings on the other side of it. It went winding up by the entrance-gates of the Rock, leaving the gray church to the right, which stood midway between the Rock and the village. The church and the parsonage were alike built of stone; but whereas the former remained rugged and time-worn, the latter had undergone renovation and improvement, so as to be, to all intents and purposes, a modern dwelling-place. Some few mansions were scattered about—gentlemen's seats—but none of them could boast of half the magnitude and beauty of Mr. Canterbury's—the Rock. Whence it derived its name—suggestive of bleak cliffs and barren heights—none now living could tell. Certainly neither rocks nor bleak barrenness were near it; but, instead, all that can be imagined of sunny plains and rich foliage, and scenery that had scarce its fellow in the land.

Passing the quaint old lodge at the entrance-gates, the open park was gained, soft to the feet as grass-green moss, white in the season with its chestnut blossoms. The trees were very fine; the deer liked to rub their antlers against them; the young ladies, George Canterbury's daughters, used, when children, to sport under their shade. There, on its gentle eminence, close by as it were, for the park was small, rose the Rock, with its beautiful parterres of many colored flowers, its white terraces, and its fine broad entrance-steps.

A castle once stood there, on the very selfsame spot. Nearly all trace of it, save its legends, had long since passed away; but that it must have been of great repute and beauty in its time, the preserved records showed. George Canterbury, into whose hands they had come when he purchased the Rock, kept them as precious heirlooms.

The house faced the west, the terraces and the gay parterres of flowers alone intervening between it and the park. On the northern side the grounds were also comparatively open, and laid out with exceeding taste; on the southern side, there was a very wilderness of shrubs and trees, extending quite to the boundary-wall, wonderfully refreshing to the sight on a day of burning heat, and a grateful resting-place of shelter from the afternoon sun.

In the midst of this wilderness stood an old well or fountain, sparkling with water once perhaps, but dry now. Shrubs, withered, and stunted, and dark with age, green and beautiful in their long-past prime, clustered round the brink in a tangled mass. It bore the name of the Lady's Well; and the history attaching to it, whether fabled or real, was one of painful interest. The well has nothing whatever to do with modern times, or with this modern story, so its legend shall be omitted altogether; for some readers might grumble at its insertion as a needless interruption. George Canterbury, who held possession of it amidst other records, refreshed his memory with a perusal of it from time to time. He felt a kind of pride in the accidental fact that his own son had borne the same name—Edgar—as the renowned Crusader-knight, Edgar de Chilling. Strong-minded Lydia Canterbury, the second daughter, who was of a hard, practical turn of mind, without an ounce of sentiment to leaven it, was wont to say her father's brain was so full of the knight and the old family, that he had grown, she verily believed, to think he was descended from them. But Miss Lydia was rather free of tongue. You have heard Mrs. Garston, seeing her after her marriage and for the first time, pronounce her a "tossed-off, bold-speaking thing;" and all because the young lady, in her random freedom, had called her a "scarecrow."

The Lady's Well had a fame of its own, apart from its romance and its legend. Superstition was rife there, as it is in many places to which curious stories attach. A lady's ghost was said to haunt it on windy nights; and very few of the Rock's female retainers would have cared to promenade on that side the house after dark, or perhaps in daylight either. Whether from this cause or not, certain it was that this part of the grounds was almost entirely unfrequented. The gardeners kept the clustering shrubs and trees in passable order, and there the culture ended. For one thing, nobody had cause to come on this southern side; the state-entrance lay in front, the household entrance at the back. On the northern side glass-doors opened to the beautiful lawn, and were very generally used by the family. A tale went abroad that, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, a reflection of a grand old castle might be seen in the sky, above the Rock, something after the fashion of a mirage. Some shepherds, tending their flocks on the far away Welsh hills, professed to have seen this; and forthwith it was assumed to be a picture of the once-famous castle, called in its day the Castle of Chillingwater. Altogether, what with the present beauty of the place, what with the ancient histories of the castle whose site it covered, what with the still-existing well and its superstition, the Rock had become the showplace of the county; and it was quite a common thing for strangers sojourning in the neighborhood to beg permission to go over it; which Mr. Canterbury was rather proud, than otherwise, to accord. Thus it may be perceived that the Rock was one of those fine and desirable mansions that the world talks and writes about.

It was of more importance than its owner, George Canterbury; for Mr. Canterbury, in point of descent, was a very small personage indeed. He and his father—but chiefly his father—had made their immense fortune in mining-speculations; and George Canterbury was but a young man when he withdrew altogether from business, and purchased the Rock. People, making a random guess, said he was worth a million of money. He was certainly worth a great deal; but nothing like so much as that.

Wealthy and luxurious though the Rock was, it had not been able to keep out our last enemy. Death had gone within George Canterbury's portals, and never said, With your leave, or By your leave. Mrs. Canterbury was the first to die. Miss Canterbury was then in her twentieth year, and she had at once assumed her post as the household's most efficient mistress. Several years subsequently, the only son was taken; Edgar. The young man, after he came to years of discretion, was neither steady nor sedate: certain odds and ends of light conduct had come out now and again, and penetrated to the ears of the family, causing concern to his sisters, bringing down reprobation from his father. But when his almost sudden death took place, it was to all of them a bitter and lasting grief. His faults were forgotten; they were, in fact, but those that too commonly attach to young men, and in one of less exalted station would never have been talked about. His virtues remained. Edgar Canterbury had the making of a fine man in him, and would have turned out well yet, had his life been spared. He lay ill little more than a week, in his rooms in the south wing; and then died. All their care, all their prayers, all the medical aid brought together from far and near, did not avail to save him. From two to three years had elapsed now; and they had left off their mourning for him; but the south rooms remained untenanted, almost sacred; Edgar's things in their accustomed places, just as though he inhabited them still.

Miss Canterbury was now regarded as the heiress to the Rock. That she would succeed to it just as surely as though it were entailed upon her, none doubted. It was well known that in the first weeks succeeding Edgar's death Mr. Norris, the family solicitor, had been summoned to the Rock by its master, to make a fresh will. It was legally executed; and Mr. Canterbury informed his daughter that he had put her in Edgar's place; and he delivered to her sundry injunctions, charges, wishes, in regard to the property, when he should be no more. None of the property was entailed. In all respects Miss Canterbury was well fitted to succeed her father; gossips said she would make a more comprehensively-liberal mistress than he had been a master. It was certain that Miss Canterbury would never marry—at least, as certain as such contingencies ever can be. She had been on the point of marriage once to Harry Lynn-Garston, the eldest son of Mr. Lynn-Garston. Very painful circumstances parted them, and I only wish there was space to relate the history; but you might say it took up time unnecessarily. They were parted, and Harry Lynn-Garston's death followed rather soon upon it. Miss Canterbury said nothing to the world; whatever of grief and remorse she might feel—for the parting was her doing, not his—she buried it within her in silence. She had loved him deeply, enduringly, ardently, and never more so than when she gave him his dismissal. Love and haughty pride had had a struggle together in her spirit; the latter conquered, and he went back to India a rejected man. But when the news came of Captain Lynn-Garston's death in battle, Miss Canterbury knew that the sunshine of her existence had gone out for ever. She made no sign; for all people saw, she was indifferently tranquil; but later, when her father would have urged upon her the acceptance of another offer, she quietly told him she should live and die Olive Canterbury. And she was not one to break her resolution, in that matter or in any other.

After Mrs. Canterbury's death, there had been a stir in the county. Every mother for miles round who had daughters waiting to be married, ordered horses to her carriage, and set off to condole with George Canterbury. What though he had a flock of children—four daughters and a son—was not the Rock as a very mansion of refuge, if by good chance it might be attained to? Were not the riches, real and fabulous, as lumps of hanging delight, making hearts hanker and mouths water? Even so. George Canterbury had to run the gauntlet his widowed state brought upon him, just as other widowers with desirable possessions are running it at this very hour. He came out unscathed, uncaught. It might have been that the very palpable nature of the overtures put him on his guard. Something or other rendered him mail-proof; and as the years and years went on, and nothing came of them, the hopes died away as bad, and Mr. Canterbury was left in peace.

So the Rock was to be the inheritance of Olive Canterbury; and it was surmised, by those likely to know, that the fortunes of the three younger daughters would be about a hundred thousand pounds each. They might well be called heiresses! Lydia had married Mr. Dunn, member for the county. He was a good deal older than herself. Mr. Canterbury had settled a thousand a-year upon her; but the larger portion of her fortune would not be hers until his death. They had no children, and Mr. Dunn had latterly been in ill-health.

The snow had dispersed; the country wore a warmer aspect, for the sun shone brightly. It was but early in the year, and those who were weatherwise said winter would be back yet. In the breakfast-room at the Rock, the white cloth lighted up with its glittering silver, and service of Worcester china, stood the two elder Miss Canterburys—Olive and Jane. Olive was turned thirty now—a tall, stately, handsome woman, with a face of power, but good and genial. Her fine hair was of a purple blackness, her features were pale and clearly cut, her eyes were dark gray. They had some trouble in their depths this morning. Her gleaming silk swept the ground, as she stood with a folded paper in her hand. Olive Canterbury was never seen in merinos or cottons. Jane, the next sister, was fairer and quieter-looking, betraying little of Olive's decision of mind and manner.

The Rock seemed to live so entirely within itself, possessing few interests without, and no business, that the arrival of a telegram was a startling event. One had been just delivered, addressed to Mr. Canterbury. Olive bent her brow a little, Jane turned pale. Neel the butler, who had brought it in, waited for orders.

"It had better go up to papa at once, Neel. Is he getting up, do you know?"

"Yes, ma'am. The shaving-water went in some time ago."

"Take this up, then."

Neel went out with the formidable missive. Millicent, coming in at the time, saw it in his hand.

"What is that, Olive?" she asked, after wishing her sisters good-morning.

"A telegraphic despatch."

"A telegraphic despatch!" repeated Millicent in a frightened tone. "Oh, Olive! What can it be? Who is it from?"

"Millicent, child, don't put yourself out; that can do no good."

"What are you fearing, Olive?"

"That something is amiss with Lydia or her husband. I know of no one else likely to be telegraphing."

"If Lydia—Hark!"

Mr. Canterbury's dressing-room bell was ringing loudly. Neel, coming down from delivering the despatch to his master, hastened back again.

"Breakfast instantly!" was the order. "Tell Miss Canterbury."

The telegram was from Mrs. Dunn. Her husband was alarmingly worse, it was feared dying, and Mr. Canterbury was prayed to hasten to London.

Mr. Canterbury was one of those who can but lose their heads on such an occasion. Olive would have been tranquil as the day. Everything necessary to be done could have been done for him. His servants would have put up his clothes; he had but to say, "I am going to London," and take his breakfast in peace, and step into his carriage to be conveyed leisurely to the station at Aberton. Not so. Mr. Canterbury was in as much commotion as though his own life depended on his departure, or as if the business of the world had been suddenly thrown upon his shoulders. He could not take his breakfast sitting; every moment he got up from it—now looking from the window, now dodging to the fire, now calling out, "I shall want this put into my portmanteau," or "I shall not want that." To be summoned out in this haste had never occurred to him before in his tranquil life, so there might be an excuse for him.

"Dear papa, it will be all right," spoke Olive; "there is not the slightest necessity for this. The first train you can go by is the ten o'clock."

"Dear me! I'm sure I shall not get there. I know I shall forget everything I ought to take. Had there been time, I should have liked to ask whether I could take up any message for the parsonage. Their relations, the London Annesleys, live close by Lydia."

"I will go to the parsonage and inquire, papa," said Millicent, starting up. "I'll bring you back word."

"You have not finished breakfast."

"Indeed I have. While you've been fidgeting, papa, I've been eating. There's plenty and plenty of time."

In two minutes Millicent was out of the house, her mantle on, and tying her bonnet as she ran through the park, and gained the road. The church was not far, a quarter of a mile or so; the schools were on that side of it, the parsonage was on this. It was a low, broad house, sheltered by trees, with a portico-entrance, and a level lawn, surrounded by sweet-scented flowers. Woodbine, wild-roses, clematis, jasmine, clustered round the porch in summer, and spread to the lower windows on either side.

The Reverend Philip Annesley, Rector of Chilling for the past five-and-thirty years, was old now and fading fast. He had christened all George Canterbury's children, and they looked up to him as a second father. It was a break-down altogether, rather than any specific malady. Sarah Annesley, his considerate, dutiful, and most loving daughter, bitterly regretted the having left him for so many weeks the previous autumn, to accompany Mrs. Kage to the sea-side. There lay on her mind a lively resentment against that lady for having taken her, which was perhaps a little unjust.

Entering on her hasty errand, Millicent found Miss Annesley in trouble. Her father was palpably weaker that morning than he had been at all—quite unable to get up. For the first time, the doctor had not ventured to speak of hope. Millicent, struck into herself at the news, did not at once mention the cause of her early visit.

"I thought until to-day he might rally and get about again," said Sarah, as they stood side by side on the hearthrug, the firelight betraying the tears resting in her eyes, and causing them to glitter like glass; "but I do fear now there is not much hope of it. And oh, how I blame myself."

"For what?" asked Millicent in surprise.

If ever there had been a daughter anxious to fulfill unselfishly every duty of life, it had surely been Sarah Annesley.

"For having left him alone in the autumn, you know. I spoke of this to you once before, Millicent. The regret grows upon me; it lies with a heavy weight to-day. Six weeks! six weeks, Millicent!—and he seventy-five! I shall never forgive myself for my thoughtlessness. It seems to me at odd moments as if I could not be forgiven by Heaven."

"But he was so well at that time."

"I know it. So well, that I was lulled into a false security. I did think I ought not to leave him; and when Mrs. Kage first proposed to me to accompany her, I said decisively that I could not quit my father. What did she do? She came here one afternoon when I had gone out with Caroline, and talked papa into the belief that I required a change and sea-air. I think she *alarmed* him about me, saying I looked pale and fagged; I do, indeed, Millicent. Papa made all the arrangements at once, without waiting to consult me, and I was weak enough and wicked enough, after a faint opposition, to fall in with them."

"And so would any one else, Sarah."

"When I came home, at the end of the six weeks, and saw the alteration in papa, my heart sunk within me. Of course, the chief fault was mine; but I do feel afraid that I have hated Mrs. Kage ever since."

"Oh, Sarah! It was so kind of her to take charge of us."

"I don't think it was done in kindness," avowed Sarah, speaking freely in her honest indignation. "I think she only proposed for us to go that *she* might be able to do so. The sum she named to papa as my share of the expenses was not very large; but she brought back an account which was, and the payment of it crippled him. Millicent, she had a larger one from Mr. Canterbury; and I know the two must have paid the

whole cost of the expedition, so that she and Caroline went free."

A flush shone in Millicent's face at the possibility of the truth. She—simple, honest, guileless—could not quite believe it. Sarah had said somewhat of this before, but not so fully.

"The regret lies upon me with painful bitterness," resumed Miss Annesley. "I cannot sleep; and if I do get to sleep, I wake up again with a start. Never before did I know what remorse was."

"Don't you think that your sorrow for Mr. Annesley is causing you to take an exaggerated view of this?" Millicent ventured to ask.

"No. But for my leaving him all that while, I do not think his health would have failed so soon," Sarah continued in a low tone of emotion, as she pressed her face down on the cold white-marble mantelpiece to hide its anguish. "He had more work to do in the parish, mine and his own; he had no one to help him in the visiting; he took all the duty on the three Sundays when Mr. Lowe was ill; and he finished up by catching a terrible cold, which he could not stay indoors to nurse. Altogether, it told upon him, Millicent, and he broke down earlier than he would have done."

"I cannot stay, Sarah," Millicent said, as she proceeded to tell of Mr. Canterbury's summons to London, and inquire if he could do anything.

"Thank you, no. Should he see Mrs. Annesley, he can explain to her how ill papa is. We have never had much acquaintance with the London Annesleys, Millicent. I fancy she is a very cold woman. I hope your papa will find Mr. Dunn better. I wonder Lydia did not send for Miss Canterbury or Jane."

"You must have forgotten Lydia to suppose she could do anything of the sort," answered Millicent, with a smile. "Lydia stands upon her own independence. She would be far likelier to warn Miss Canterbury and Jane that she did not want them, than to accept of their companionship if offered. She is so strong-minded, you know. Good-bye, Sarah. Papa will be in a fever."

The first thing she saw on quitting the rectory-gate was the carriage of Mr. Canterbury. It drew up; the footman got down to open the door, and Millicent delivered the slight message to her impatient father.

"Oh, very well. Good-bye, Leta, dear. I know I shall be late at the station.

The handsome equipage bowled on, and Millicent glanced after it with a smile. He would be, as she had expressed it, in a fever until he got to the station, and then he would have twenty minutes to spare.

"What is the carriage abroad so early for?"

A hand was laid on her shoulder as the question was put, and Millicent turned to see the lovely face of Caroline Kage. If it was unusual to see Mr. Canterbury's carriage abroad at that early hour, it was at least as unusual to see *her*. And Millicent, as a great many more of us do, asked the reason of it, instead of answering the question.

"Mamma came down in the crossest mood possible. She found fault with me and with everybody else, so I thought I would go and have a whole morning at the schools. Work now and then makes a change. Goodness knows it is monotonous enough here."

"Monotonous!"

"I feel it so. That time at the seaside last autumn did me harm, I suppose, inasmuch as that I have found Chilling intolerably weary since. And the carriage, Leta?"

Leta told her what had happened, and where Mr. Canterbury had gone. To London: summoned by the startling despatch.

"Did you charge him to give your love?"

"No; I forgot it. Things have all been at sixes and sevens this morning. Lydia would not have appreciated it if I had; she never cares for such messages, and never sends them."

"I was not speaking of Lydia, but of Thomas Kage."

"Caroline!"

"Ah, well! You would have liked to send it him, you know; and he would have liked to receive it. He has only you, now his mother's gone. Don't get scarlet, Leta!"

Leta Canterbury ran away. How ever the name of Thomas Kage might cause her heart to glow, it was not pleasant to be thus spoken to. Caroline—false Caroline!—went on to the post-office before turning in at the schools, and dropped a letter into the box, addressed to Thomas Kage.

For they had fallen into the habit of corresponding with each other. But only as friends—or cousins. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Railroad Illumination.

The latest railroad sensation is a plan by the management of the Erie Railway to illuminate the whole line of that road at night, by electric lights at the ferries, in the tunnels, on all dangerous curves, and on every engine. Mr. E. C. Morse, who has charge of the matter, claims to have made several important improvements, among others, a plan for preserving the carbon points from wasting away and keeping them for months in good condition, a self-sustaining battery, and an invention by which the turning of the wheels of the engine shall collect electricity for use in illumination. The Bergen tunnel is to be kept illuminated by night and day, so that the rays of the sun will seem to be dull and forceless in comparison. There will be a light at each end of the ferry, which it is believed will make a collision practically impossible on the darkest and foggiest night. Even with the diminution of light caused by the jarring of the locomotive, it is estimated that the head-lights will show the track to the engineer on a straight line for three miles.

The Thames Tunnel.

This tunnel, commenced in 1824, by Sir Isambard K. Brunel, and after many difficulties completed and opened in March, 1843, has been closed as a public footway. This tunnel cost $3,000,000, and never paid interest on the investment. It was never used as a means of transit under the Thames, between Rotherhithe and Wapping, but was visited as an object of interest. One of the roadways was closed, and the space between the arches used as shops, for the sale of small fancy articles, purchased merely as mementoes. On July 21st, the tunnel was closed, having been purchased for the sum of $1,000,000, by the East London Railway Company, for the purpose of running their trains into London.

☞ We can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUG'T 14, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) **$2.50**; Two copies **$4.00**; Four copies **$6.00**; Five copies (and one extra) **$8.00**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12.00**. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.00**. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent gratis—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can still supply the back numbers of THE POST to May 29th, containing the early portions of "THE LAST OF THE INCAS," by Gustave Aimard. Also a large variety of short stories, miscellaneous articles, &c.

INDUCEMENTS.

In the way of new Novelets we announce:—

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorke," &c.

A Family Failing.

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS (*now being prepared*) and SHORT STORIES, by a number of able writers.

We also give a large amount of Interesting and Instructive matter, in the way of SKETCHES, HISTORICAL FACTS, NEWS, AGRICULTURAL INFORMATION, &c., &c.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

George Canterbury's Will;

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE," "THE RED-COURT FARM," &c.

In THE POST for July 24th, we commenced a new Serial with the above title, by our gifted contributor, Mrs. Henry Wood.

This will be an excellent opportunity to commence subscriptions to THE POST. We shall print an extra edition of the early numbers of this story—but those who wish it would do well to apply as soon as possible.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HOLLANDS. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Published by Loring, 319 Washington street, Boston. Price $1.50. Our readers, who know how well Miss Townsend generally writes, will be pleased to get this last of her productions. A lady critic says: "I have just finished the 'Hollands.' It is an incomparable story—'Jessamine' has become a household word, an ideal to many a woman, whose attempts to reach which will make her life more beautiful, pure, and true. To me it is not fiction; and I doubt if it be to any. She is a living, breathing woman; as Wordsworth has it—

'A woman not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.'"

GOOD HEALTH. A Journal of Physical and Mental Culture. For August. Published by Alex. Moore, Boston.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY FOR AUGUST. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco and New York.

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. 12.—GRASS OF THE FIELD, OVENS, &c.

In Matt. vi. 30, we read of "the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," and many a western reader has been perplexed, not only at the sort of fuel thus referred to, but at the place where it is deposited. *Grass*—uncured grass—freshly cut from the field "to-day," how can it be possible to make it burn? And then why use grass at all? Surely *something* might be found for fuel better than this light, trashy stuff, which if wet can scarcely be ignited at all, and if dry, is so quickly consumed, and which produces so small an amount of heat as to seem to us nearly worthless. And, lastly, why put the fuel, of whatever sort, *into* the oven, instead of under and upon it. The necessity for the use of grass, arises from the great scarcity of *trees* throughout Syria, Arabia, and the adjoining countries—so very scarce are they indeed, that it would seem to a native almost sacrilege to cut one down for any purpose. Of *coal* there is none, or none has as yet been discovered; and even if found there, it would be useless for such ovens as those of Syria, Arabia, and Persia. In all these countries, as in many parts of China, the cutting of grass for fuel, constitutes a regular vocation, furnishing employment to hundreds of women and children. In some parts of China it is quite common to see large companies of women going up the hill sides, at early morning, each furnished with a sickle and a pole for carrying the grass. The grass is *partially* dried during the day, and at evening is brought home, a part for home consumption, the remainder to be sold to regular customers; and thousands of families use no other fuel during all the warm weather. Of course when winter sets in something more substantial must be provided. Among these bundles of grass it is not unusual to find wild flowers, such as daisies, chrysanthemums, asters, and buttercups; and it was probably to these perishable little flowers, so soon to be consigned to the oven, that our Saviour alluded, as "the lilies of the field," growing up to-day, perishing to-morrow, and yet, during their brief life, arrayed more gloriously than was Israel's most magnificent king, in the days of his brightest splendor. Besides grass and the stalks of flowers, stubble of all kinds, and even the ordure of domestic animals are collected for this purpose, and after being mixed up together, are formed into balls of convenient size for handling, and then left exposed to the sun, till they become as hard as cannon balls. In this *cured* state they are better for fuel, burning more easily, and with less offensive odor than when fresh; but if necessary they may readily be used as soon as prepared, since, in those hot countries much of the grass is partially dried when cut, and if not already dry, becomes sufficiently so for use, after only a few hours exposure to the burning rays of a vertical sun. Hence the literal application of the terms "to-day" and "to-morrow." The grass cut to-day from the fields, may be literally in the oven to-morrow. The use of ordure for such a purpose seems revolting to our minds, but so great is the difficulty, especially among the poor of obtaining fuel of any sort, that the prejudice against its use is easily set aside, and from long habit, comes to be scarcely thought of. The custom seems to have prevailed as long ago as the days of the prophet Ezekiel, and is referred to in chapter iv. 9—15. Most of the bread used in Western Asia is unleavened, and baked in thin cakes, and is usually eaten hot.

Such, doubtless, was the unleavened bread prepared by the Israelites for their journey from Egypt—such the cake found at his head by Elijah, when fleeing from Jezebel—and such the "little cake" he besought of the widow of Zarephath, when he arrived faint and hungry from his long sojourn in the wilderness. Travellers in Bulgaria speak of this unleavened bread as still in use among the natives, who, whenever a guest is expected, hasten to prepare these cakes and bury them in ashes, or put them between hot stones, till they are sufficiently baked. But the oven most in use in Syria and Arabia is made by digging a circular hole in the earth, and paving it round the sides and bottom with flat stones. For fuel "the balls," before spoken of, are placed in the centre and ignited, (thus is "the grass cast into the oven,") and the oven is closed by placing a large flat stone over the top, leaving only sufficient air-holes to prevent the smothering of the fire. When the oven has been thoroughly heated, the embers and ashes are all raked out, the bread is placed in thin cakes around the sides and bottom of the oven, tightly pressed against the stones, and the oven closed as before, by a flat stone. In a few minutes the bread is ready for use, and if eaten hot is not unpalatable. Such probably were the cakes of fine flour that were placed in two rows on the golden table within the tabernacle, to be eaten by Aaron and his sons, in the holy place. Lev. xxiv. 5—9.

In some cases where the fuel is new and burns badly, the fire is suffered to remain in the bottom of the oven while the cakes are baking around the sides. When cooked in this way, only the *crumb* is fit to be eaten, as the crust is black, smoked, and apt to retain the odor of the fuel. These ovens are usually about three feet in diameter, and sometimes five or six feet deep, so that a whole sheep may be baked or roasted by hanging it over the hot stones or embers.

Another kind of oven, quite common among the ancient Hebrews, and still occasionally seen in Palestine and Arabia, is a large pitcher of gray stone, in which a fire is kindled of grass or stubble. When well-heated, a batter made of flour and water is applied to the *outside* of the pitcher, and in a few minutes peels off in flakes like our wafers, thoroughly done and nicely crisped. The Mohammedans have a tradition that Eve's oven was of this sort, and that it descended to Noah, who used it for boiling water, and the water running over occasioned the deluge. This may be designed only as a metaphor, to convey to us the idea of Eve's transgression, and its fatal consequences to her descendants. There is still another oven frequently used in Palestine, but less in favor among the other nations of Western Asia. This is a large pitcher, half filled with small white pebbles or flints, which are thoroughly heated, and then the paste thrown upon them in small slips. The dough, thus prepared, requires but a few moments to cook, and not only looks white, but is sweet and palatable when fresh from the oven. This custom of baking bread in thin cakes caused it to be *broken* instead of cut, and hence the expression so frequent in the Bible—"the breaking of bread." In all the cases above cited it will be seen that little fuel is required, that only the lightest kind can be used for an oriental oven, and that in every instance the fuel is placed *within* the oven, and not, as among us, under or upon it. Thus the words of our Saviour, "the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven," seem not only perfectly intelligible, but like all his utterances, if rightly understood, they are replete with wisdom and beauty, and cause us to wonder at "the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth." F. R. F.

A Clerical Maniac—A Curious Adventure.

The Rev. T. M. Brown, a Baptist minister near Paris, Ill., has become insane and is subject to the most remarkable freaks. His first freak was the collection of two large piles of rocks, about twenty-five feet apart, which he called his batteries, he threatened to kill everybody who chanced to come that way. He gave his brother the passwords with which he could pass the batteries. The password to the eastern batteries was: "Am I a soldier of the cross?" The password to the western one was: "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me." His brother passed the eastern work or battery, but the madman sternly commanded that he should not approach any closer, at the same time raising a large stone in a menacing manner. He retreated hastily. Subsequently he entered the fortress again and escaped with a slight bruise by coming in contact with a missile hurled from the eastern battery. By this time there was a large crowd stationed at a distance devising plans for compelling the reverend madman to evacuate his works. At last it was agreed that several should take very small stones and throw close around him in order to get him to throw all his missiles at them and they could capture him without any danger. They threw at him for some time before he pretended to notice them, but at last he began throwing at them as fast as he could, when the eastern battery was completely destroyed he turned toward the western, but, to his intense surprise that "battery" had vanished. He was completely unarmed, and he began to advance toward his brother, crying that he would surrender himself. Just at this moment some of the party who had been slightly bruised by the stones, let fly a volume at him, when he fell heavily to the earth, having been hit and hurt considerably. They then rushed upon him and carried him to the jail. Chloroform was administered to him. This narcotic exerted its soothing influence and he fell into a profound slumber—the first worthy of note for ten days and nights. This was resorted to very frequently. A friend who remained with him all night, had a narrow escape from death. During an apparently lucid interval the madman suddenly embraced him, snatched the chloroform handkerchief, and tried to stuff it down his throat. After a very severe struggle the watcher threw the maniac off, and soon subjected him to an æsthetic.—*Chicago Times.*

The Adirondacks.

The adirondacks are practically considered by an experienced and intelligent correspondent of the New York Evening Post. The writer says—"So many persons have complained to me in the few days past of the disappointment, and in some cases of actual suffering endured by them, while in search of pleasure, and health in the 'Adirondack' wilderness, that I venture upon this communication in the hope of warning others." We copy his wise advice on one point:

If then, any others are minded to make the trip, let them from the first bear in mind that the region they intend to visit deserves the appellation of Wilderness more nearly than any other this side of the Rocky Mountains. Let them, therefore, start with the idea of roughing it, and they will not be disappointed. For outfit let them look into their wardrobes and select the oldest, strongest, and warmest clothes they can find. Take boots that can stand a tramp over rocks, and through swamps, and leaving "biled shirts" for the homes of civilization, take an extra one of flannel, with stout stockings of knit wool. A broad slouch hat and rubber sheet or poncho are indispensable to comfort; as it rains in those regions with a constancy worthy of all praise. A thick veil to cover the head and neck will add to the comfort of those who have not previously tried the tender mercies of the mosquitoes in the Jersey swamps, or who are not more impervious than ordinary mortals to the attacks of blood-letting black flies and midges.

A Peculiar Hallucination.

A colored servant boy, who has been in the employ for many years of one of our citizens, labors under a very peculiar hallucination. It seems that some years ago he received a severe injury, and since that time has fancied that he is two persons, one a master and the other a servant. This strange fancy, however, does not at all impair his usefulness; on the contrary, it renders him most efficient. For instance, his master will say: "George, get the wine." George immediately addresses his imaginary servant, whom he calls John, saying: "John, you rascal, bring up the wine! Hurry up, sir! hurry up! don't be so slow!" and rushing off, will bring the wine, flattering himself the while that he has John under excellent control. Sometimes, however, he falls out with John, and has angry disputes, which end not unfrequently by his running into a corner and shaking himself, exclaiming: "Now, sir, behave yourself, and keep quiet!" He is constantly conversing with his other self, and never seems lonely or desponding.

☞ A Maine paper says that the late sad accident at Auburn, by which four young persons were drowned, was caused by one of the boys tipping the boat from side to side, to "scare the girls." This should be a warning.

☞ Ten crates of Bartlett pears were received in New York on Saturday from California, via the Pacific road.

☞ Mules, it is stated, are bringing unusually high prices in the West, and in Kentucky recently large lots have been sold at from $135 to $165 a head. There is a large demand for mules on the street railways of the Southern and Western cities, and this animal is now being introduced on the street railways of the Northern cities.

☞ Settle your disputes yourselves, if you would make an end of them; would you prolong them, call in lawyers.

Josh Billings's Sayings.

When a rooster crows he crows all over.

Error will slip thru a crack, while truth will git stuck in a doorway.

The man who has just found out he kant afford to burn green wood, has taken his fust lesson in ekonomy.

There is only one thing that can beat truth, and that is he who speaks it.

It is hard work, at fust sight, to see the wisdom of a rattlesnake bite, but there is thousands of fokes who never think of their sins until they are bit by a rattlesnake.

There is a grate deal ov human nature in a krab; if you don't pick them up in the right way you will diskover it.

Take the humbug out ov this world, and you won't have much left to do bizniess with.

Faith and curiosity are the gin cocktails of sukcess.

Advertising is said tew be a certain means of sukcess; some folks are so impressed with this truth that it sticks out of their tombstones.

There is this difference between ignorance and error; ignorance is stone blind, and error is short sited; ignorance stands still and error moves to ruin agin a post.

Ekonomy is a savins bank into which men drop pennys and git dollars.

There is one thing you kan't put out, and that is your conscience; you may smuther it, but like a coal-pit it kontains the charred remains.

The two richest men now living in Amerika that I know ov, is the one who has got the most money and the other who wants the least; and the last one is the happiest of the tew.

Ceremony is the necessity of pheols; good breeding is the luxury ov the wise.

Tew be agreeable is simply tew be easily pleased—if this is so, how easy and pleasant it is to be agreeable.

He whom the good praise and the wicked hate, ought tew be satisfied with his reputashun.

Excentricitys, most of them, are mere vanity; banish the excentrik man into a wilderness and he soon bekums as natural as a tudstool.

A cheerful old man or old woman is like the sunny side ov a woodshed in the last ov winter.

Avarice is like a graveyard; it takes all that it kan git and gives nothing back.

Paint a humming bird sucking honey from a flower, and yu hav got a very good picture of love trying tew liv upon buty.

The best investment I kno of is charity; yu git yure principal back immediately, and draw a dividend every time yu think of it.

Everything on this earth is bought and sold, except air and water, and they would be if a kind Creator had not made the supply tew grate for the demand.

A good book is like a good law.

Politeness looks well to me in every man, except an undertaker.

We are happy in this world just in proportion as we make others happy. I stand reddy to bet $50 on this saying.

Politences is the science of getting down on your knees before folks without getting your pants dirty.

The miser and glutton—two fnoctious buzzards; one hides his store, and the other stores his hide.

Credit is like chastity; they both ov them can stand temptation better than they can suspicion.

Destructive Fire.

One of the most destructive fires that ever visited Philadelphia occurred on the night of the 4th. It began with the falling of a portion of the bonded warehouses at Front and Lombard streets, owned by Col. Wm. C. Patterson. The building was stored with whiskey, which ran into the furnaces of the boilers, and caught fire, producing an explosion. The entire block of warehouses, eight in number, were destroyed, with a number of adjacent buildings. About one million gallons of whiskey were stored in the building. The loss by the conflagration is four millions of dollars. It is believed to be nearly covered by insurances. Several persons were injured during the fire.

☞ Brief, saucy, and very Western, is the following marriage announcement in a Chicago paper: "Pride—Stillman. Galena, July 8. No cards. Presents, $5,000. Special train. Letters from Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan."

☞ George Sand, having a special dislike for the French Empress, takes advantage of public occasions to ventilate it—as, when recently asked to contribute money to a benevolent enterprise, she refused flatly because it was patronized by Eugenie! Shocking! also peculiar.

☞ GUY FAWKES ABOUT.—London, Aug. 6.—At an early hour this morning, during the sessions of the houses of Parliament, great excitement was occasioned by a loud explosion in the building. Search was instituted, and a tin case, which had contained powder, was picked up on the terrace near by. Not much damage was done, and no arrest were made. The affair is involved in mystery.

☞ A few weeks ago a most dastardly outrage was committed in Benton Harbor, Michigan. An orchard of about 1,500 trees was girdled by Vandal hands. The entire community turned out to save the trees—men, women and children setting to work with grafting wax and bandages to save as many of the trees as possible. The wax supplied the place of the bark, and the trees continued a vigorous growth. But the scoundrel was not to be balked of his revenge or malice. Soon afterward the orchard was again entered, the trees completely girdled, and there seems to be no doubt that the work of destruction is effectually done. The splendid orchard is now but a field of dead and decaying tree-trunks. The loss is at least $20,000, and the affair creates great excitement.

☞ Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have ready the first five parts of their "Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology," by Dr. J. Thomas, the learned editor of "Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World." Such a work of reference is greatly needed, and its issue will be warmly welcomed both by scholars and by general readers.

☞ Jones meets Smith: "Why is this morning like a fat sheep?" "Fine wether, of course," says Jones. Smith in return: "Why is it like the bombazine I sold your wife?" "Good mourning," is the reply of Jones. They part happy.

☞ A boy who heard the quotation, "A little learning is a dangerous thing," wished to stop going to school, because he was afraid he should not live long enough to get past the dangerous point.

The Little Kingdom of Yvetot;

Or, Royalty in Miniature.

A witty French author informs us that when the few scattering inhabitants of the microscopic "principality of Monaco" rebelled against their prince in 1789, commissioners were sent by them to Paris, to propose an alliance with the French revolutionists, whereupon a treaty was effected, which treaty consisted of the two following articles:

"Art. I. There shall be peace and alliance between the French republic and the republic of Monaco.

"Art. II. The French republic is delighted to make the acquaintance of the republic of Monaco."

The perpetration of this "excellent jest" no doubt contributed greatly to the good-humor of the *revolutionnaires;* but, if they had looked a little nearer home, they might have seen another "separate sovereignty," in comparison with which the principality of Monaco, so much laughed at, would have appeared gigantic. This was the "kingdom of Yvetot," which for more than thirteen hundred years remained a marvel to everybody. There never was anything like it before, and there has never been anything like it since. It was a curiosity, a sort of ball within a ball, like a Chinese puzzle. Strange as the statement may appear, there existed in the heart of France, from the middle of the sixth century nearly to the end of the eighteenth, a regularly-organized *kingdom*, ruled by a *king*, whom France, England, and all the great powers recognized and respected—in one sense at least—which high and mighty kingdom, presided over by its suzerain, with his privy council, high-chamberlain, master of the hounds, master of ceremonies, and other dignitaries, consisted of an ordinary chateau, and what would be called in this country "a good farm."

This farm was called, as we have said, the "kingdom of Yvetot," and was situated near the present town of the same name in Normandy, between Havre-de-Grace and Rouen. The chateau, built, according to all accounts, some time in the sixth century, may still be standing. What is certain is, that here lived and reigned a long line of monarchs, whose will was supreme within the boundaries of the little domain; who paid no taxes of any description to the neighboring and surrounding kingdom of France, or to any other; who took part or did not take part in the various wars carried on by France, just as they fancied; and who were treated with, "as between crowned heads," by royalty elsewhere. It is not singular that this anomalous condition of things should have originated a number of jests at the expense of his majesty the King of Yvetot in every generation. Accordingly, we have all manner of caricatures, lampoons, pasquinades, and good-humored "flings," at their majesties in French prose and verse—the most noted and best known, doubtless, being Beranger's *Roi d' Yvetot.* In all these friendly—they are not unfriendly—caricatures, you see the same personage, a fat little royal personage, mounted on an ass, and followed by a dog, as fat and good-humored as himself, going from door to door on his domain, chatting familiarly with his peasant-subjects, chucking the maidens under their chins, patting the babies on the head, asking the news—who was married, or born, or dead—and never refusing the good glass of wine, proffered to this merry little king by his subjects. Then on his return the four stalwart members of his "body-guard," who have been working in the royal garden, drop their hoes, hastily don their uniforms, and salute this jolly monarch as he arrives upon his donkey; the four seamstresses or housemaids, daughters of his tenants, and ladies of the bedchamber, usher him to his queen; he dines *en famille*, waited on by the one footman who is lord high-chamberlain; and at night he puts on, instead of a crown, an excellent and comfortable—night-cap!

Such is the picture, half traditional, half historic, of the King of Yvetot. It is altogether comic, as the reader will perceive; but under the humorous caricature there appears to have been a solid substratum of *fact.* This seems to have amounted to what follows:

The first Seigneur of Yvetot was Vauthier, chamberlain to King Clotaire I. of France, son of Clovis and Clotilda. The chamberlain is represented to have been a man of great courage, intelligence, and devotion—qualities which made him a favorite with Clotaire; and the result was, that he stood in high favor with his majesty. Thence many heart-burnings on the part of the other courtiers; much jealousy of Lord Vauthier, as of one growing too powerful; eventually a conspiracy to ruin him with Clotaire the Long-haired. This conspiracy, long ripening, came at last to a head—Clotaire's mind was artfully poisoned—Vauthier no longer found favor in the eyes of his lord the king—and finally the conspirators succeeded in filling Clotaire with enormous rage against him—on what grounds the authorities do not say. These were not important, however. Vauthier was absent, and the conspirators had it all their own way. They clearly demonstrated that the chamberlain was a traitor; and as, in those days, kings were often their own "justiciers," Clotaire publicly announced his intention to slay the Sieur d'Yvetot on sight. His majesty had put his own nephews to death, as personages interfering with his views; was known to be a man who stuck at nothing; and when a friend at court sent a messenger in haste to Vauthier at his chateau, informing him of the reception which awaited him from Clotaire, on his return, Vauthier wisely made up his mind not to expose his throat to the knife, or his brains to the royal axe, and hastened to put the Rhine and other broad streams between himself and King Clotaire.

For ten years, then, the Seigneur d'Yvetot remained abroad, hewing away with his sword at the barbarous Thuringians, enemies of the true faith. As Clotaire upheld the latter, Vauthier hoped that his "record" in these long years would restore him to favor with the king; so, pining no doubt for *la patrie*, and sick of exile, he determined to venture back, and throw himself upon the mercy of his sovereign. He did so, but not without taking excellent precautions. Clotaire was known to be a personage of most uncertain temper—fighting bravely against his enemies the Thuringians might or might not be sufficient to secure pardon for the culprit; therefore the prudent Vauthier first proceeded to Rome, where he made a friend of "Pope Agapet," and induced the pontiff to entrust him, in the character of envoy, with letters to King Clotaire, who would thus, under any circumstances, it was hoped, be entirely disarmed. Unfortunately, Vauthier did not estimate with sufficient correctness the highly "excitable" character of his sovereign. He travelled from Rome to Soissons, where Clotaire held his court; reached the city on Good Friday, at the moment when Clotaire was at the high altar of the great cathedral celebrating mass, in front of a veiled crucifix; threw himself upon his knees; presented the pope's letters; implored pardon in the name of Christ—and Clotaire, for reply, drew his sword, and severed the head of the unfortunate Sieur d'Yetot from his body. Gleaming, ghastly, and streaming with blood, the head rolled on the very steps of the altar.

Such was the unlucky result of Vauthier's return. Unlucky no less for Clotaire. He had committed sacrilege, and, when he cooled, the full enormity of his guilt flashed upon him. The pope's letters, now read for the first time, did not lessen his remorse. They attested the entire innocence of our well-beloved son Vauthier, and around the unhappy Clotaire rose a chorus of clergy:

"Sacrilege! sacrilege! Your majesty has committed sacrilege!"

Thereat Clotaire grew pale, and his knees shook. What to do. Send an envoy to his holiness, suggested the clergy, and beg absolution; and Clotaire caught ardently at the suggestion. The envoy was despatched; came to Rome; heard that the pope was dying, and hastened to his bedside, where Clotaire's prayer was set forth for the pontiff's action. The affair was embarrassing—the pope was dying. He did what men often do in a difficult matter; he compromised. "Clotaire," he said faintly, "could expect to receive pardon—only—" (here Pope Agapet began to cough painfully, and gasp for breath)—"only—when—he had given—the highest possible—satisfaction to the—heirs—of—" (here the coughing returned, became more violent, a convulsion shook the pontiff, and before he could finish the sentence he expired.)

With the ambiguous dying words of Pope Agapet, the envoy returned to Clotaire; and for a long time the king pondered, with knit brows and troubled mind, on that phrase, "the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of"—Vauthier. What *was* the "highest possible satisfaction?" At last he came to a decision upon the knotty point presented. There was, according to the opinion of people in the sixth century, no higher earthly satisfaction than that of being a royal personage; and the impetuous Clotaire, lashed by remorse, determined to make the Vauthiers royal. As the king ordered, so it was done. On a huge sheet of whitest parchment, decorated with seals and flourishes, and attested by the royal "mark," it was written that thenceforth, to the end of time, the seigniory of Yvetot should be a kingdom, and the seigneurs thereof *kings*—owing allegiance to no one, coining their own money, levying their own taxes, issuing their sovereign decrees, making or not making war, as seemed to them best—in every acceptation of the word, and without reservation, *kings.*

Hence the Kings of Yvetot. The account we have given may appear romantic, but, whatever be the measure of faith attached to it, the existence of the "kingdom" is a matter of record.

Proof of this statement:

I. A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, of date 1893, mentions the King of Yvetot, and recognizes his royalty.

II. Letters patent granted by various Kings of France, in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the sovereignty of the King of Yvetot.

III. In the same century, when Normandy was under English sway, Henry VI. claimed certain taxes and feudal duties from the King of Yvetot; the question was solemnly adjudged; and the decision given against the King of England, in favor of the King of Yvetot.

IV. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the Queen of Yvetot, is still in the French archives.

V. At the coronation of Marie de Medici, Henry IV. publicly rebuked his grand-chamberlain, for not assigning to the King of Yvetot a position suitable to his royal dignity.

"If we lose France," said the same jovial monarch, Henry IV., when he was retreating once, during the wars of the League, "we must take possession of the fair kingdom of Yvetot!"

Looking across the years to the small chateau d'Yvetot, what we see is a picture of "royalty in miniature," and an extremely fat and respectable line of monarchs, who appear to have had an amount of good sense not often found beneath kingly crowns. In fact, these rustic sovereigns appear to have been the most sensible men of history. They never declared war on anybody, never interfered or quarreled with their neighbors, indulged in no heart-burnings, were rendered unhappy by no undue aspirations; they simply lived at the old country-house of Yvetot, with their tenants around them, ate good dinners, drank good wine, rode out on successive generations of fat little donkeys, followed by fat little dogs, chatted with their subjects, slept in peace, with comfortable nightcaps drawn over their royal old ears, and were buried in the royal cemetery attached to the royal residence, examples to all kings in all time to come.

There never were any "parties" of any description in Yvetot, we are informed—no court intrigues, conspiracies, or intestine dissensions. The king kept his own seals, and his own royal purse in his own pantaloons pocket; and therefrom with his own hands disbursed to his civil list. The court is thus described: There were one bishop, one dean, and four canons—all parish *curés;* a senate and privy council composed of four judges—all notaries; besides which there were ladies of the bedchamber—tenants' daughters; four body-guards—gardeners; one chamberlain and herald—the footman; a master of the horse—the groom; a keeper of the woods and forests—bailiff; others have been mentioned. We shall only add that the King of Yvetot could bring into the field, at twenty-four hours' notice, an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops, over whom the King of France had no more authority than he had over the army of the King of England, or the Emperor of Austria. These were never, however, called into the field. Their old matchlocks were quite rusty, and their uniforms moth-eaten. Nobody ever declared war on the good little Kings of Yvetot. They ate, drank, slept, rode out on their donkeys, smiled on the maidens, patted the heads of the babies, and went to their long homes, models of potentates, from the sixth century to the latter part of the eighteenth, when the last monarch of their ancient line ignominiously assumed no higher title at the court of Louis XVI. than *prince*—whereupon the Revolution followed, and, just when the "Republic of Monaco" was born, swept him and his kingdom away; just punishment for thus abdicating his sacred royalty, which had "been in the family" for the respectable period of about thirteen centuries.

So it passed, this jolly little kingdom and its line of kings—small of stature, but the "real article," and respected accordingly. To-day, you look upon the whole matter as a jest, historic fact as it is. The railway from Havre to Rouen, through the department of Seine-Inferieure, traverses the town of Yvetot; the cars rattle, the smoke floats, the whistle screams; if the *bon petit roi*, on his little donkey, followed by his little dog, could witness that phenomenon, it is probable that king, and donkey, and dog would all roll in the nearest ditch, overcome with fright! But the fates spared them such a profanation of their royal authority—these worthy little kings of Pigmyland. They are no more there, and never new move any more beneath the glimpses of the moon! The birds sing, the streams laugh, the clouds float over the ruins of the old chateau, as in other years. But the kings and kingdom of Yvetot have passed away like a dream!—*Appleton's Journal.* (Yvetot is pronounced Evto.)

THE ELECTIONS.—The returns from Alabama are uncertain. Two Radicals and two Conservatives are believed to be elected to Congress, while one district is doubtful.

In Tennessee, Senter (Conservative) has been elected Governor by a very large majority—one report says over 40,000.

J. M. Cavanaugh, Democrat, has been re-elected delegate to Congress from Montana by 2,000 majority.

☞ The English papers announce that Charles Dickens will return to his public readings next season. He is in good health.

☞ An eight and a half foot Chinese giant, and his wife of about five feet and two inches, have arrived in the country. They have two children, of the usual size.

☞ Josh Billings says life is like a mountain—after climbing up one side and sliding down the other side, we put up the sled.

☞ The Pope scolded a bevy of pantered ladies who came to make him a present the other day.

☞ One of the laity—A hen.

☞ Dr. Carter, a Philadelphian, writes to a friend in Rhode Island in a letter dated Vevey, Switzerland, July 8, "I am convinced that Newport is the coolest and most charming summer resort in the world, and that there is no place in Europe like it. It is hot enough about here, I can tell you, and with no particular attractions except scenery, and that does not cool one."

☞ The Dixon (Ill.) Democrat says that a tombstone in the cemetery in that city bears simply the suggestive epitaph, "Gone up."

☞ Mr. Disraeli is reported to have said at a recent dinner party in London that Mr. Gladstone "had not a single redeeming—*vice.*"

☞ AMERICAN STUDENTS.—At the recent meeting of the Philological Association at Poughkeepsie, President McCosh, of Princeton, stated that he was "prepared, from a pretty extensive acquaintance with the universities of Great Britain, and with some of those on the Continent, to say that the average attainments of college graduates here and there are about equal."

☞ At one of the ragged school in Ireland a clergyman asked the question "What is holiness?" A poor convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please yer riverence, it's to be clane inside."

☞ "What shall I do?" exclaimed a super-fastidious exquisite, as he paced his elegant apartment in fine frenzy; "what is to be done? I have scented my hair *a la* violet, and my laundress has sent me my shirts *a la* rose!"

☞ The Lutherans are more numerous in Minnesota than the members of any other religious denomination. This is owing to the preponderance of Germans and Scandinavians in the population of the state, they forming the larger proportion of the members of the sect.

☞ The Hartford and New Haven Railroad have stopped putting down steel rails and are laying iron, instead. Steel, it is thought, makes the road-bed too unyielding.

☞ No bull of Irish extraction can excel this of Cobbett's. In one of his "Rural Rides" he says: "I saw no corn standing in ricks; a thing I never saw before, and would not have believed it had I not seen it."

☞ The Japanese, in bringing living plants to this country, wrap the roots in a mixture of earth and carrots ground together.

☞ The Grand Vizier, having before him the admirable system of the State of New York, is engaged in preparing a comprehensive and liberal scheme of popular education for the whole Turkish Empire.

☞ A clock-work apparatus, for working sewing machines, has just been devised in Germany, which will run for three hours when wound up.

☞ I am suspicious of that church whose members are one in their beliefs and opinions. When a tree is dead, it will lie any way; alive, it will have its own growth. When men's deadness is in the church, and there like elsewhere, all will be alike. They can be cut and polished any way. When they are alive, they are like a tropical forest—some shooting up, like the mahogany tree; some spreading, like the vine; some darkling, like the shrub; some lying, herb-like, on the ground; but all obeying their own laws of growth—a common law of growth variously expressed in each—and so contributing to the richness and beauty of the wood.—*Beecher.*

Important Notice.

Farmers, families, and others can purchase no remedy equal to Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment for the cure of Cholera, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Croup, Colic, and Sea Sickness, taken internally—(it is perfectly harmless; see oath accompanying each bottle) and externally for Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Bruises, Mosquito Bites, Old Sores, Pains in Limbs, Back, and Chest. The Venetian Liniment was introduced in 1847, and no one who has used it but continues to do so, many stating, if it was ten dollars a bottle they would not be without it. Thousands of certificates can be seen at the depot, speaking of its wonderful curative properties. Price, fifty cents and one dollar. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 19 Park Place, New York. aug7-4t

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☞ Thackeray, when speaking about fame, would frequently tell the following anecdote:—

When at dinner in St. Louis one day he heard one waiter say to another,

"Do you know who that is?"

"No," was the answer.

"That is the celebrated Mr. Thackeray."

"What's he done?"

"Blessed if I know," was the reply.

Nose-Pulling.

The art of nose-pulling was nicely exhibited on a railway train out of Boston last week. Mr. Curtis, banker and lawyer, was vastly annoyed by Mr. Churchill, who was going to see his family in the country, and who seated himself beside Mr. Curtis, with a large carpet-bag and a small toy wagon. Mr. Curtis expressed his wrath at this baggage; Mr. Churchill said, "You are no gentleman;" whereupon, said Mr. Curtis in his testimony, "I took hold of his nose and turned it in a moderate and quiet manner." It should have been a satisfaction to Mr. Churchill to have had his nose not disgracefully pulled, but moderately and quietly turned; but it wasn't, for he called Mr. Curtis a scoundrel—whereupon Mr. Curtis entirely destroyed Mr. Churchill's spectacles by a well-delivered blow aimed at the nose of the unhappy proprietor. His turn has come now, for the moderate nose-wringer and annihilator of spectacles has been sentenced to jail for two months, besides receiving a particular and personal wigging from the judge. Such are the hardships which await the "quiet" nose-turner.—*New York Tribune.*

R. R. R.

Radway's Ready Relief

Cures the Worst Pains in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

After reading this advertisement need any one

SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain.

It was the first, and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations and cures congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application,

In from One to Twenty Minutes,

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain, the *RHEUMATIC*, bed-ridden, infirm, crippled, nervous, nenalgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT RELIEF.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPTHERIA, CATARRH, INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts, where the pain or difficulty exists, will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in a half tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French brandy or bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

Fever and Ague cured for *fifty* cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other malarious, bilious, scarlet, typhoid, yellow, and other fevers (aided by *RADWAY'S PILLS*), so quick as *RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.* Fifty cents per bottle.

Dr. Radway's Perfect Purgative Pills, Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Price 25 cents per box.

Read FALSE AND TRUE. Send one letter stamp to Radway & Co., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Sold by Druggists. aug7-1f

☞ The little Nutt has stated, firmly, that he does not intend to marry until he is thirty, which will be three years hence. So his affair with tiny Warren seems to be upset. The little Nutt has intimated that he "should prefer marrying a good, green country girl to anybody else." G. G. C. G.'s will therefore take notice.

Dr. Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

This preparation has acquired a reputation which makes it sought after by ladies coming from or going to the most distant countries, for it has no equal or rival in its beautifying qualities. Like all other of Dr. GOURAUD'S preparations this has extended its sale until it has become a specialty by its own merits, and is not the creature of mere advertising notoriety. It is recommended from one customer to another on actual knowledge of its value and utility. Prepared by Dr. FELIX GOURAUD, 48 Bond street, removed from 453 Broadway, New York, and to be had of all druggists. je26-3m

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☞ The largest professional offer yet made in the history of theatricals is that tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. Fifty thousand dollars, gold, is the sum proposed to them for a single season in Australia. They were recently offered and declined twenty thousand dollars in gold to play a few weeks in California. Mr. Williams is one of the wealthiest men on the stage, having some five hundred thousand dollars invested in good interest-paying property.

ASTHMA, Rose Colds, Hay Fever, &c., no sufferer should be without *JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR ASTHMA. It is an unfailing cure for* these distressing complaints. JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., sole proprietors, Boston. Sold by all druggists. jy31-8t

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☞ UNGRATEFUL.—Says a writer in Blackwood: I remember a cruel old schoolmaster who always accompanied his flagellations with the assurance we'd bless him yet for this scourging, and that the time would come when we'd thank him on our knees for these wholesome floggings; but after a lapse of years I felt no gratitude, nor ever met a schoolfellow who did.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The difficulty peculiar to females may be effectually prevented by the timely use of Holloway's Pills; such is the experience of humanity in all climes and countries; one trial will prove the fact.

☞ Charles Dickens, Jr., "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," has taken up the trade of authorship, and offers the first specimen of his handiwork to the public in the forthcoming number of the Gentleman's Magazine.

Spanish Liberty.

The liberty of the press is not only a well established but a very lively fact just now in Spain. In addition to the numerous more or less sarcastic and vehement little journals published at Madrid and Seville, of which we have heretofore given our readers an account, we now have from the rich and republican city of Barcelona a most inflammatory hebdomadal, La Finca, illustrated with highly colored lithographs representing the clergy in all conceivable shapes of riot and revelry; priests with red noses haranguing mobs of peasantry and old women, while corpulent deacons take up contributions in great shovel hats; monks and nuns dancing together around well-filled tables; bishops taking aim with rifles at the people out of their palace windows, a la Charles IX. The editor announces that "invitations to breakfast, to duels of the first blood, and to duels of death will be received at No. 14 Calle de Codols."

The Great Medical Mistake

Of former days was an utter neglect of sanitary precautions. No efficient means were adopted for the prevention of sickness. Sewerage was unknown in cities; drainage was rarely attempted in the country. Heaps of offal were left to rot in the public streets, and domestic cleanliness, the great antidote to febrile diseases, was sadly neglected. It is not so now. Wise laws, philanthropic institutions, and a vigilant sanitary police, have, to a great extent, remedied the evil. Nor is this all. Preventive medication has helped materially to lessen the rates of mortality. It is not too much to say that tens of thousands escape sickness in unhealthy seasons in consequence of having invigorated their systems in advance by a course of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This pure and powerful vegetable tonic and alterative comprises the extracts and essences of a variety of roots and herbs, renowned for their strengthening, soothing, vitalizing and purifying properties. These medicinal agents are incorporated with a spirit absolutely free from the acrid poison which defiles, more or less, all the liquors of commerce, and their effect is diffused through the whole frame by this active, yet harmless stimulant. The result is such a condition of the system as renders it *all but impervious* to the exterior causes of disease, such as damp, fog, sudden alterations of temperature, &c. Strength, and the perfect regularity of all the functions of the body, are the best safeguards against atmospheric poison and the effects of unwholesome water, and HOSTETTER'S BITTERS are the best strengthening and regulating medicine at present known. For dyspepsia and biliousness they are a specific absolute. aug7-4t

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☞ Mr. Cramer, editor of the Milwaukee Wisconsin, had an "interview" lately with William Cullen Bryant, and says that Mr. B. works but little on the Post now, being engaged in translating Homer's Iliad, which is to be the crowning work of his poetical life. Seventeen books are already completed. It will consist of twenty-four books, in two volumes.

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, S. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

sept26-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,

139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ An eccentric London clergyman makes annual presents to the deserving poor of his parish, stipulating only that they attend church regularly. This year every old woman had a red cloak, so the seats were gorgeously scarlet the next Sunday, and the reverend donor preached from the words: "And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Interesting to Ladies.

I have used one of Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines in my family now for more than *twelve years.* It has cost me for repairs during that time not to exceed one dollar altogether. The machine has done the sewing for a family of eight persons. I believe it to be the very best in use for family sewing. The machine was purchased in Boston, in 1854, and is still running smoothly, and it will manifestly do good service for years to come.—*Wm. H. Fuller, City Missionary, Pittsburg, Pa.*

☞ Admiral Charles Stewart, familiarly known as "Old Ironsides," was ninety-one years of age on Wednesday, having been born in Philadelphia on July 28, 1778. While his mind is as clear and vigorous as ever, and his general health good, it is reported that he is suffering from what is supposed to be a cancer of the tongue.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of July, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. JACOB Z. SPANGLER to Miss SUSAN E. CONNOR, both of this city.

On the 29th of July, by the Rev. William T. Eva, Mr. SAMUEL STEVENSON to Mrs. SARAH E. GINITY.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Robinson, Mr. ROBERT E. LYNCH, of Trenton, N. J., to Miss LIZZIE KNIPP, of this city.

On the 29th of July, by the Rev. Joseph Perry, Mr. WILLIAM T. BULL to Miss MELISSA A. JOSEPHS, both of this city.

On the 30th of July, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. FREE to Miss KATE A. MILLER, both of this city.

On the 28th of July, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, PAUL D. BATTEAUX to Miss HENRIETTA MICK, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, MARGARET HOLMES, in her 81st year.

On the 3d instant, EDWARD FINNEY, in his 63d year.

On the 3d instant, JOHN R. MILLER, in his 16th year.

On the 3d instant, JAMES O. BRENDING, in his 60th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. S. M., wife of C. C. Cornault, in her 32d year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MAGDALEN BECK, in her 66th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARTHA M. ERWIN, in her 57th year.

On the 31st of July, WILLIAM BLACK, in his 51st year.

On the 31st of July, Mrs. ANN BARBOUR, in her 42d year.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Long since, a dream of Heaven I had,
And still the vision haunts me oft;
I see the saints in white robes clad,
The martyrs with their palms aloft,
But hearing still in middle-song
The ceaseless dissonance of wrong;
And shrinking, with hid faces, from the strain
Of sad, beseeching eyes, full of remorse and pain.

The glad song falters to a wail,
The harping sinks to low lament;
Before the still unlifted veil
I see the crowned foreheads bent,
Making more sweet the heavenly air
With breathings of unselfish prayer:
And a Voice sayeth: "O pity which is pain,
A love that weeps, fill up my sufferings which remain?

"Shall souls by me redeemed refuse
To share my sorrow in their turn?
Or, sin forgiven, my gift abuse
Of peace with selfish unconcern?
Has saintly ease no pitying care?
Has faith no work and love no prayer,
While sin remains, and souls in darkness dwell?
Can Heaven itself be Heaven and look unmoved on hell?"

Then through the Gates of Pain, I dream,
A wind of Heaven blows coolly in;
Fainter the awful discords seem,
The smoke of torment grows more thin,
Tears quench the burning soil, and thence
Spring sweet, pale flowers of penitence;
And through the dreary realm of man's despair,
Star-crowned, an angel walks, and lo! God's hope is there!

Is it a dream? Is Heaven so high
That pity cannot breathe its air?
Its happy eyes forever dry,
Its holy lips without a prayer?
My God! my God! if thither led
By Thy free grace, unmerited,
No crown nor palm be mine; but let me keep
A heart that still can feel, and eyes that still can weep!

The Great Jewel-Robbery.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Some years ago, people used to prophecy that in consequence of the Californian gold discovery the precious metal would be precious no longer, but fall to a par with, if not below, silver in value. But in spite of the golden treasures of California, supplemented by those of Australia, a sovereign is still worth its twenty shillings; and the reports of progress in the Gold Regions are not sufficiently promising to make the favored of us mortals who indulge in such luxuries to exchange our golden ornaments for their present value before it deteriorates. But, as a dealer in precious stones, I have often thought of what would be the consequence should some tremendous deposit of diamonds be laid bare; for we are not bound to suppose that these precious crystals of carbon are everywhere so sparsely scattered over the earth's surface as to render the quest one of patience and difficulty. Imagine, for instance, some pebbly mountain stream, whose pebbles were all Koh-i-noors, Stars of the South, and Great Pitt Diamonds! What consternation amongst the holders of family heir-looms, whose glittering clusters have been handed down from generation to generation, and valued at so many thousands sterling—what horror to find that, by the glut in the market, those thousands sank to hundreds, to tens, to units at last, or merely the value of the cutting! That lady who described the wearing of diamonds as an exquisite pleasure, but too painful, from the risks incurred, would be then able to wear her precious jewels in peace.

There is a strange, and too often a fearful history attached to every great gem of price, many of which, while flashing on the brow of beauty, or in some regal or imperial ornament, are dimmed to the thoughtful mind by the tears shed over them, or by the blood in which they have too often been bathed. Robbery and murder have ever been mingled with the stories of precious gems; and as a peaceful man, living in these highly civilized times, I have more than once felt my life to be far from safe as soon as it was known that in the little black leathern case I carried, or even in the scrap of tissue-paper in my waistcoat pocket, I held so many valuable diamonds, rubies, or sapphires.

One gets used to it in time; but at first there is a strong feeling that every person who looks at you, or says a word about the weather, is bent upon murder and robbery. You live a solitary life during your travels. You get in the farthest corners of carriages. You would not ride alone in a first-class coupe, with some strange traveller, upon any consideration, even if that strange traveller were a feeble old woman, since you would certainly suppose her to be a ruffian in disguise. Elegantly dressed ladies become swindlers' accomplices; clerical gentlemen, the swindlers themselves; and distrust of everything and everybody becomes the bane of your existence. Your wine or tea seems to be dragged, your food poisoned; and once, at an hotel where I was staying, I had serious thoughts about giving the proprietor into custody for supplying me with medicated soap.

I will not mention the name of the London firm with which I was some years ago connected, but let it suffice that their name was well known, and that the manufacture of more than one regal diadem had been intrusted to their skilled workmen. I was with them some twelve or fourteen years, and it was during that period that the incident I am about to relate occurred. As a matter of course, the strictest injunctions respecting care, caution, and watchfulness are issued to all the employes, especially to those whose daily business brings them into contact with the public; and being always in the show-rooms myself, I was one of those in whom the elders of the firm placed confidence. The consequence was, that being tolerably thoughtful, sharp of eye, and a good judge of gems, I rose to occupy one of the most responsible positions, and to me were always intrusted those rather delicate, critical, and caution-demanding embassies, where customers wished for jewels to be sent to their houses for inspection.

In course of time, a little feeling of jealousy sprang up; but it did not trouble me, for, either from extra care, or from good fortune, I had not in any single case been the cause of loss to my employers—a state of satisfaction hardly to be enjoyed by either of my brother-assistants, so many, so ingenious, and so carefully contrived were, in those days, the plans for defrauding the great jewellers. I do not know that any very great improvement has taken place of late years; but my experience is with the past, and I relate accordingly. In fact, so many were the tricks, that when a visitor came to the show-rooms, the first question we had to ask was: "Is this a lady or a sharper?"

Very often the swindlers, or thieves, were easy to detect; for though dressed in the extreme of fashion, and arriving perhaps in a brougham, there would be some slip of the tongue—some vulgarism—which would betray them. Frequently, a misplaced *h*, or a wrongly applied verb, has raised suspicions, which defeated a carefully planned swindle, and sent the disappointed ones to lament their ill success, or often to jail. But with all care, the jewellers' enemies are so many, and their losses so heavy, that, in spite of enormous profits, the balance-sheets at the end of the year are not so satisfactory as is supposed for those who follow this artistic business. Now a well-dressed couple would come and look at some rings, turn them over for half an hour, and then leave, declaring that there was nothing to suit; when perhaps before, more often after, their departure, one or two valuable gems have been missed—taken no one could tell how. Twice over, assistants allowed jewels to be taken into the next room, at some hotel, to show a sick lady, and came back ruefully to announce the sick, as well as the sound, lady had disappeared. Times out of number, ring, chain, or bracelet, has been snatched from counter or table; once such a thing happened when I was in waiting, but a presented pistol stopped the marauder before he reached the door—a door already bolted by the porter; and my friend was committed for trial, and afterwards transported. One select company of visitors purchased goods to the amount of nine hundred pounds, when the gentleman of the party wrote a cheque on the spot for the amount—Drummonds of Charing Cross being his bankers—but as I objected to the jewels being taken away until the cheque was honored, I was courteously told to send them to Morley's Hotel, and half sorry to be compelled to show the distrust, I bowed the distinguished customers out.

"Here, Johnson," I said to one of our men, "run down at once to Drummonds, and present this cheque; take a cab."

In half an hour Johnson was back with the cheque branded with the words "No effects."

I received an invitation to dine with the head of our firm after that, and returned home at night wearing a very handsome gold watch.

"A reward for your shrewdness," said the old gentleman, clapping me on the shoulder. "You'll be in the firm yet, Willis, that you will."

"I hope I may," I thought, as I went home that night; but the happy consummation never arrived, since I was but mortal, and, like other men, liable to be deceived; though, upon mature consideration, I don't think I was very well used.

I was seated one day busily examining some stones which were to be reset for the Countess of Maraschino, when the principal came softly in.

"Look those up, Willis," he said, "and go and attend to those parties in the front show-room. Thomas is with them, and I don't half like their looks."

I hurried into the show-room to relieve Mr. Thomas of his task, which he gave up with a very bad grace, and proceeded to listen to the demands of a tall lady and gentleman in black, both of whom wore respirators, and spoke in low, husky voices. The gentleman looked very pale and ill, and the lady was very closely veiled as to the upper part of her face; but upon my approach she threw up her fall, and displayed the bright, bold eyes of a very handsome woman.

"Don't look suspicious," I thought, as I evaded the glance directed at me; for our rule is not to look at eyes, but hands—or rather fingers, which sometimes turn out to be light. In this case though, the lady's were well gloved, and the gentleman's thin, white, and soft—an invalid's hands, in fact, and I proceeded to listen to their demands.

"Well, Lilla, what's it to be?" said the gentleman.

"I thought you had decided, love," was the reply. "Something simple, and not too expensive now whatever we may decide upon hereafter. Why not keep to what you said—a bracelet, or a cross?"

"Well, show me some bracelets," the gentleman said. "We do not want anything of high price, but something pretty, light, and suited for a young lady of eighteen, about to be married."

I proceeded to open case after case of bracelets of all prices, from ten to five hundred guineas each; but though they were fastidious and hard to please, I was bound to confess that the lady's taste was excellent, and that the gentleman was no mean connoisseur in gems.

"I rather like that," said the gentleman at last, selecting a very pretty but slight bracelet, set with a sapphire, surrounded by pearls. "What is the price?"

"That is sixty guineas," I said.

"Yes, it's pretty enough," said the lady; "but not sufficiently good."

"You mean not valuable enough," said the gentleman; "but you know the old proverb about the gift-horse. Lucille will not study the value, depend upon it; and, besides, I don't see anything I like half so well."

"Have it then, dear," was the reply; and then, directly after, "Ah, what a sweet cross!" exclaimed the lady, looking at an enamel and gold ornament lying in a case—and which I immediately opened—for I must confess I had almost forgotten our principal's suspicions.

"It is a sweet little thing!" exclaimed the lady, examining the cross; "such a fine pearl, too, in the centre. I should like it."

"What, to give to Lucille?" said the gentleman, smiling.

"No; of course not. I fancied it myself."

"My dear Lilla, this is not a linendraper's shop," said the gentleman with a shrug, and then there was a smile and a whisper between them.

"What is the price of the cross?" said the gentleman at last.

"Fifty guineas," I said.

"It seems a good deal for so small an ornament," said the gentleman, turning and returning the cross; but I explained that the size of the pearls increased its value; and after a little hesitation, he decided to take it, when I saw that he was rewarded by a quiet pressure of the hand from his companion, whose eyes then met mine almost mirthfully for a moment.

"You're a nice creature, I expect," muttered I to myself; "coax him out of everything you fancy, and then laugh in your sleeve." But my eyes were wanted to guard the valuable assortment of jewelry displayed, and they were back the next instant to business.

"Where can I send these, sir?" I inquired.

"Ah! we'll take them," said the lady; "we will not trouble you to send."

I explained that it would be no trouble, but they held to their determination; and upon payment being requested, the gentleman drew out a cheque-book, asked for pen and ink, and wrote a cheque for one hundred and ten guineas upon a small city bank.

Now it was that my lips became a little tighter, and I felt that the principal had had some cause for his suspicions; and thoroughly on my guard, I took the cheque, and explained that it was a rule of the establishment that goods should not be delivered until after a cheque had been presented.

"Ah, quite right, quite right," said the gentleman quietly, and without displaying the slightest annoyance. "I can easily suppose that you are obliged to be careful."

But the lady looked angry, and returned my bow very distantly, as I ushered them out, having promised to send the purchases on to the fashionable hotel—Moore's, in Brook street—at which they were staying.

"All a farce, but well carried out," I said to the principal as he came up to me, and I showed him the cheque and the card given me, bearing the name "Mr. H. Elliston Ross," and in pencil, "Moore's Hotel." "But we'll send the cheque all the same.—Here, Johnson."

The principal shrugged his shoulders; and as Johnson came up to where I was carefully running over the various items of jewelry, to see that nothing had been stolen, I gave him the cheque, and he went cityward.

To my great satisfaction, all was right; not a jewel missing, and the purchased cases lying by me. Suddenly, a cold chill shot through me. Had they contrived to abstract the contents? I tore the little morocco boxes open; but, no—all was correct. Cross and bracelet lay upon their white velvet beds; and so far, everything was perfectly satisfactory. If they were swindlers, we had escaped; and I began to wonder whether I should get another invitation to dinner, a chain for my watch, and be told that I was a step nearer to the junior partnership.

To our intense astonishment, though, at an hour's end, Johnson returned smiling.

"All right, sir," he said.

"Why, you don't mean—"

"All right, sir," he said. "Cheque cashed in an instant; hundred and fifteen pounds, ten shillings."

It is almost needless to add that the two little cases were sent immediately to the hotel, and a discussion followed respecting unnecessary suspicion, and how very often it happened that swindlers passed unnoticed, while honest people were suspected.

CHAPTER II.

A month passed, when one cold January day I was in the show-room, and the same lady made her appearance alone. She still wore her respirator, but looked very pale, haggard, and troubled. The bold look seemed to have gone from her eyes; and as I recalled my thoughts, I felt that I had misjudged her, for she began to speak tenderly of her husband, Mr. Ross, who was lying very ill at the hotel.

"I have brought back the cross to be repaired," she said, drawing the little morocco case from her rich sable muff. "The ring was too slight, and it broke from my necklet the second time it was worn. I had a narrow escape of losing it; but Mr. Ross found it himself upon the lawn, trodden into the grass. I thought I would leave it until we came up again. Of course, you can repair it?"

I expressed my sorrow, and promised to have it seen to at once.

"You need not hurry for a few days. Mr. Ross is in town to consult Sir Ealing Dean, and I fear he will send us to Madeira. This climate is killing my poor husband."

The distant hauteur was all gone; and in a ladylike, courteous manner, our customer bowed to my few sympathetic remarks, and hints of its being an unusually trying season, &c.

Our friend was delighted with the little bracelet, a gift which Mr. Ross wishes to supplement with something a little more valuable. Perhaps I could be allowed to select a few things for you to submit to his choice at the hotel? I know his taste now pretty well, and it will save trouble."

"Anything you like to select shall be sent, ma'am," I said; and I then proceeded to open and display to their best advantage some very valuable bracelets, which were one and all rejected.

"Yes," she said sadly, "they are very handsome; but Mr. Ross would not like them, I am sure, and it is useless to take things on that he would not approve. His taste was always good; and as his health fails, it seems to have acquired an indescribable tone that I cannot explain, except that it is artistic and dreamy."

I brought out some plain but good pearl and diamond ornaments in suites, one suite in particular taking her attention.

"Yes, I like that. You might send that."

"It is a suite made to order; but it could be made again in a very short time," I said.

"That would not do," she said, "unless it could be supplied in a fortnight."

"I think we could get over that difficulty," I said with a smile; and then bracelets, rings, chains, and watches—certainly the most chaste and elegant we had—were selected and put aside.

"It is only fair to say," said the lady smiling, at least I could see that she was smiling, in spite of her respirator—"that Mr. Ross will not purchase many of these elegant ornaments. I know he would like a watch and chain, and a ring. Perhaps, too, if he admired them, one of those pearl suites; but I thought it better to speak, as since his illness he has become, not irritable—but—but—perhaps a little hard to please, and I should be sorry if he rejected everything you brought."

So much delicacy was displayed in these remarks, that I could only courteously assure her that we should only be too happy to attend again and again upon Mr. Ross, till we had hit upon something he admired; and upon promising to send the selected goods on the next morning at eleven, our visitor rose to go.

"I would ask you to send this afternoon," said the lady, on rising, "but I don't think Mr. Ross quite well enough. He saw our physician this morning, and the interviews are always very trying to his nerves."

I placed the little cross in the workman's hands for repair; and the next morning, punctually at eleven, I was at Moore's Hotel, accompanied by a porter with a goodly assortment of jewelry.

A few words with the manager set me quite at ease, though my inquiries were a mere matter of form. Mr. Elliston Ross lived in Yorkshire, owned coal mines, and was in town to visit the court physician, Sir Ealing Dean; had been there once before for the same reason: perfect gentleman; his lady quite an angel—waited on him night and day.

I was shown into the room where Mrs. Ross was seated—this time without her respirator. She rose with a sad smile, and motioned me to a seat; while putting on her respirator, she went into the next room, remaining absent a few minutes; and then returning, requested me to bring in my cases for Mr. Ross to see.

I had left the porter down-stairs; so, taking up the two small leathern boxes, I followed Mrs. Ross into a slightly shaded room, where, looking deathly pale, the gentleman who had visited our place of business lay upon a couch reading the Times. He was attired in a blue cloth dressing-gown, and had a small table drawn up to his side, on which were a bottle, glass, and a caraffe which seemed to contain barley-water. He too wore a respirator; but he removed it for a few moments to take a little of the barley-water, and then carefully replaced it, coughing hollowly the while.

"Sorry to bring you into a sick-room," he said courteously. "Sorry, in fact, to bring you here at all, for I would much rather have chosen the trifle or two I wanted at your shop. I trust you have not brought many things, though?"

"Only a few that Mrs. Ross thought you—that your lady chose, sir," I said.

He nodded, and then listlessly examined first one and then another ornament, as I opened them out, but always with a dissatisfied air.

"Don't you like those, dear?" said Mrs. Ross, in rather disappointed tones, as I displayed in the best lights the pearl suite.

"No; not at all," said the invalid. "Too plain; almost vulgar."

"Might I be allowed to suggest," I said earnestly, "that to see pearls to advantage, they must be worn. It is a well-known fact that pearls are gems which show to as great advantage upon a dark as upon a fair complexion; and if your lady—"

I paused here, and glanced towards Mrs. Ross, who smiled graciously, and then clasped the bracelet round her shapely wrist, the necklace over her fine throat, and placed the tiara in her hair—looking almost regal as she stood before us.

"You see the difference," I said, drawing back.

"Yes, yes," said the invalid impatiently; "they look well enough on her; but they are for quite a girl. Take them off, Lilla."

Mrs. Ross obeyed, and the ornaments were replaced in the case; when I proceeded to display the other jewels, but apparently to find no favor.

"Here, Lilla, give me a glass of sherry. Confound this thing, it almost chokes me." He tore off the respirator, and hurled it to the other end of the room.

"For my sake, dear," I heard her whisper to him, as, stepping lightly across the room, she picked up the respirator, and brought it back.

"Well, there; get out the sherry, then," he said pettishly, as he took back the instrument.

"No, no, dear; Sir Ealing said—"

"Confound Sir Ealing! If I am to die, let me die comfortably, and not be tortured to death. Get out the sherry, I say—the port too."

I saw a tear trickle down Mrs. Ross's cheek as she fetched a couple of decanters from a sideboard where they stood with glasses.

"Haven't you some cake, or did you send it down?" he said impatiently.

"I have it here, dear," said Mrs. Ross softly; and she placed a portion of a small pound-cake upon the table.

"Give me a glass of sherry," he said impatiently. "No, not that glass—the other, Mr.—I don't know your name—try that sherry." He sipped a little. "You'll find it very good."

"I thank you," I said quietly; "but I never take wine in business hours."

"Won't you try the port, then?" he said.

"I would much rather not," I replied.

"A little cake?" suggested the lady. "We are simple country people, and not much acquainted with London etiquette. Pray, excuse us if we trespass."

I bowed, and declined, when Mrs. Ross readjusted her husband's respirator, leaning over him the while.

"Now, let me see that bracelet," said Mr. Ross, pointing to one upon the table. "But are these all you have brought?"

"Yes, sir," I said; "but I can easily bring a fresh selection"—though I had brought over two thousand pounds' worth.

"Hem, yes," he said; "of course! Do you like that bracelet, Lilla?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ross; "I picked it out particularly yesterday. That emerald is so beautiful."

"Put it on," he said curtly; and she clasped it upon her arm."

"How much?" he said shortly.

"Thirty-five guineas," I replied.

"Dear," he said—"very dear. The bracelet we bought at the shop was far more handsome at the same money."

"No, love; it was sixty guineas," said Mrs. Ross.

"Ah! was it? I forgot," he said carelessly. "Well, lay that aside: I don't want you to come for nothing."

I hastened to assure him that it was the wish of the firm to satisfy their patrons, as well as to sell their jewelry, and that we should only be too happy to bring or send on a fresh selection for his choice.

He assented almost rudely, and turned over the various rings, asking the prices of nearly every article I had brought, when, suddenly throwing himself impatiently back, he exclaimed: "Good heavens, Lilla, this room is insufferable; throw some of that vinegar about."

Mrs. Ross smiled faintly; and taking a flexible tube from the mantelpiece, she pressed it, so that in a fine shower a finely scented aromatic vinegar diffused a refreshing perfume through the room.

"That's better," he exclaimed. "Now show me those pearls again. How much did you say they were?"

"Four hundred guineas the suite," I said, hastening to lay them before him.

"There, take them away!" he exclaimed. "I can't afford four hundred guineas: four hundred shillings more likely. That confounded doctor is ruining me. Let me look at the watches; or, stay, let me look at the pearls again. No; never mind. I won't have them unless you will take half the money."

I smiled and shook my head. "We are not dealers of that sort, sir," I ventured to say.

"I don't know—I don't know. I believe you jewelers get most terrible profits. Show me the watches."

I was hastening to place the half-dozen I had with me in his hands, when he exclaimed again: "Insufferable! Have you any more of that vinegar, Lilla?"

Mrs. Ross nodded; and taking a cut-glass bottle from her pocket, she placed it with a handkerchief by his side.

"No, no," he said, giving me back the watches. "Sprinkle the room with another of those tubes. Now, you, I'll have that little plain watch. I'm getting tired of this. Let me have a chain to match—a fine one, mind—the thinnest you have—and that will do for to-day."

As I selected four or five chains, after putting the watch aside, Mrs. Ross took up another tube, unscrewed it, and then appeared to be taking especial notice of the chains which I bore across to the invalid.

"Those are sweetly pretty," she exclaimed. "I don't remember noticing them so much yesterday."

As she spoke, she stood close to my side, when the invalid exclaimed impatiently: "There, pray be quick, dear;" and at one and the same moment, he poured out the contents of his bottle upon his handkerchief, and I felt a fine spray of a peculiar odor playing right in my nostrils.

I started back, gasping and astounded, when, leaping from the couch, the invalid exclaimed: "Good heavens, sir, you are unwell;" and he covered my face and nose with the wet handkerchief, forcing me backwards into a chair.

I believe that I struggled, but only feebly; for a strange, delicious, enervating languor was stealing over me; I saw things mistily, but still with an understanding mind, seeing, though unable to move hand or foot, that the invalid was bending over me, while Mrs. Ross was hastily placing the various articles of jewelry in her pocket.

I saw all that, but in a dreamy, untroubled way, for it seemed then to be not of the slightest consequence—not to concern me. Then I have some recollection of an intensely cold sensation as of water being poured upon my face, while my next impression was of hearing a closing door and the click of a lock.

How long I remained in that condition I never knew; but by degrees I woke to a feeling of deadly nausea: my head swam, my temples throbbed, and everything I gazed upon was seen through a mist of dancing motes. But by degrees thoughts of the present began to take the place of the dreamy imaginings of the past. I started up and looked around, to find that I was still in the inner room; but the jewels—the cases—where was the invalid—where Mrs. Ross? Was it true, or was it some strange vision? It was impossible that I could have been duped like that.

I ran to the door—fastened. The other door—locked on the outside. I darted across to the bell, but in doing so, caught my foot in the long table-cover, tripped and fell, dragging the cloth on to the carpet, and revealing the whole of the jewel-cases beneath the table, just as they had been hastily flung.

I could not help it then, for my brain was confused, and stooping down, I took the cases one by one, and opened them, in the fond hope that I had been deceived, and that I should find the jewels safe; but, save one ring, which had escaped their notice, everything had been taken.

I sat on the carpet for a few minutes holding my throbbing head, and trying to recall the scene, but almost in vain, for it seemed as if a portion of my existence had been wiped completely away. I was showing jewelry at one moment, the next it seemed that I was seated by the empty cases. I tried to clear my faculties, but in vain; and I should think quite half an hour had elapsed before, thoroughly awakened to the fact that I had been robbed, I rang the bell.

I had nearly arrived at the extent of my loss two or three times, but only to have, as it were, a veil drawn over my senses, just as if a relapse were coming on; and then mentally blind, I could do nothing but rock myself to and fro, trying to get rid of the remains of the strange stupor in which I had been plunged.

Before the waiter could ascend, I rang again.

"Where are Mr. and Mrs. Ross?" I inquired.

"Went out in a brougham some time ago, sir; and your lunch is ready."

"My lunch!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir; the lunch they ordered for you."

"Oh, thank you!" I said quietly; "I'll ring again. Send my porter up in five minutes' time."

The waiter did not seem surprised that the door was fastened on the outside—it had not struck him then; but as soon as he had gone, I hastily repacked the empty morocco cases, and as soon as possible made my way back into Bond street, and met the principal.

"We were just getting uneasy, Mr. Willis, and going to send after you. What have they taken?"

"Everything, sir," I said almost fiercely.

"What!" he exclaimed.

I told all I knew, while he listened in blank amazement.

Then followed a visit to Great Scotland Yard, and to Moore's, to find that Mr. and Mrs. Ross had not returned; while so impressed was the manager with his visitors' respectability, that he laughed at the idea of there having been any swindling transaction. They were most respectable people, he said; paid their bill last time without a murmur; their portmanteaus and boxes upstairs were all in their rooms; and it was all a mistake—"or something worse," he added with a dark look at me.

That it was "something worse," was very soon evident, from the tubes and bottles, and a wineglass containing a few drops of a limpid fluid, found to corroborate my story. But though the instruments of the deception, even to a couple of respirators, lined with wet sponge, were found, the depredators had made their escape, and were never found; though I verily believe

that if I had watched the lady swindlers in the various police courts, sooner or later I should have encountered the interesting Mrs. Ross.

I need hardly add, that after so heavy a loss, the firm never seemed to take thoroughly to heart the idea of a junior partnership with respect to myself; while as to my brother assistants, they laughed in their sleeves at my downfall; though, after all, I cannot see that I was much to blame, this not being by any means the first Great Jewel-robbery.

THE SECRET OUT.

BY ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

She stood in the harvest-field at noon,
And sang aloud for the joy of living.
She said: "'Tis the sun that I drink like wine,
To my heart this gladness giving."

Rank upon rank the wheat fell slain;
The reapers ceased. "'Tis sure the splendor
Of sloping sunset light that thrills
My breast with a bliss so tender."

Up and up the blazing hills
Climbed the night from the misty meadows.
"Can they be stars or living eyes
That bend on me from the shadows?"

"Greeting." "And may you speak, indeed?"
All in the dark her sense grew clearer;
She knew that she had, for company,
All day an angel near her.

"May you tell of the life divine,
To us unknown, to angels given?"
"Count me your earthly joys, and I
May teach you those of heaven."

"They say the pleasures of earth are vain;
Delusions all, to lure from duty;
But while God hangs His bow in the rain,
Can I help my joy in beauty?

"And while He quickens the air with song,
My wreaths with scent, my fruits with flavor,
Will He, dear angel, count as sin
My life in sound and savor?

"See, at our feet a glow-worm shines;
Lo! in the East a star arises.
And Thought may climb from worm to world
Forever through fresh surprises:

"And thought is joy. * * * And, hark! in the vale
Music, and merry steps pursuing.
They leap in the dance—a soul in my blood
Cries out, Awake, be doing!

"Action is joy; or power at play,
Or power at work in world emprises.
Action is life; part from the deed,
More from the doing rises."

"And are these all?" She flushed in the dark.
"These are not all. I have a lover;
At sound of his voice, at touch of his hand,
The cup of my life runs over.

"Once, unknowing, we looked and neared,
And doubted, and neared, and rested never,
'Till life seized life, as flame meets flame,
To escape no more forever.

"Lover and husband; then was love
The wine of my life, all life enchanting:
Now 'tis my bread, too needful and sweet
To be kept for feast-day chancing.

"I have a child." She seemed to change;
The deep content of some brooding creature
Looked from her eyes. "O, sweet and strange!
Angel, be thou my teacher.

"When He made us one in a babe,
Was it for joy, or sorest proving?
For now, I fear, no heaven could win
Our hearts from earthly loving.

"I have a friend. Howso I err,
I see her uplifting love bend o'er me;
Howso I climb to my best, I know
Her foot will be there before me.

"Howso parted, we must be nigh,
Held by old years of every weather;
The best new love would be less than ours
Who have lived our lives together.

"Now, lost forever I fail to see
Right skies, through clouds so bright and tender,
Show me true joy." The angel's smile
Lit all the night with splendor.

"Save that to Love, and Learn, and Do
In wondrous measure to us is given;
Save that we see the face of God,
You have named the joys of heaven."

—*N. Y. Independent.*

Ghosts.

We find the following interesting and instructive article in the Washington (D. C.) Saturday Evening Visitor, in relation to a subject which has always produced fear and alarm among the timid, ignorant, and superstitious, and does to this day:—

We are sorry to think that the belief in this class of apparitions is still prevalent among our agricultural population, and yet lingers in the cities and towns. We are not disposed to enter largely into the subject at present, but avail ourselves of the opportunity which is afforded by a correspondent, of stating some considerations which tend to refer such appearances to the state of the the ghost-seer's health or nerves. It may be stated generally, that it is not the young and vigorous who witness such appearances, but the old, the nervous, and the timid.

When the nerves are disordered, either naturally or otherwise, the patients become subject to delusions and false sights, which are as real to them as they may appear perverse and ridiculous to others whose nerves are in perfect health. These patients are naturally very ready to swear to seeing a ghost, or spirit of living persons not present, because they do actually, in the day-dreaming of their mind's eye, see what they swear to. The nerves of ghost-seers are slightly disordered from fears brought on by having heard so many stories about them when young, and from natural credulity and tendency to indulge in the marvellous. When the nerves are much diseased the delusions become more fixed and permanent, and the patient is then termed a lunatic.

A young clergyman, who was given to study, and who took but little exercise, was one morning visited by two friends. In the passage beyond them he saw another friend, and asked them why he did not come in along with them; and he saw that third friend so plainly that nothing would convince him to the contrary, though he immediately searched everywhere about the house, until he was told by that third friend afterward that he was at the time many miles off. The doctor told him that he must take more exercise, or his nerves would become disordered altogether.

Sometimes these delusions are brought on by bodily diseases, and when the patient's body is recovering, the nerves recover likewise. The following story is a remarkable instance of it:—"A lawyer in Edinburgh was very ill with a fever, but nobody slept or sat up in the room with him, his nurse being in a room below. Being winter time, he had a fire in the room, and one night he saw sitting in the easy-chair a young lady he had been formerly acquainted with, but who had been dead two years. He saw her so plainly, and the glare from the fire played and flashed on her in such strong light and shade, just the same as if she was actually there, that he rapped on the floor with the end of his stick to fetch the nurse up; but she could see nobody in the chair, nor was there any impression on the cushion since she placed it there. Every night for three weeks this vision was repeated distinctly; he then began to mend rapidly, and as he mended, though the vision was still repeated, it grew fainter and fainter every night, and after his health was restored never appeared again. A lawyer, being in the habit of reasoning and arguing and sifting the truth, could, on mentioning such a circumstance to his doctor, become at once convinced that the young lady was no actual vision or ghost, but a consequence merely of the nerves being diseased as well as the body. An ignorant person would never have been convinced but that the vision was real and not imaginary."

Sir Walter Scott says, in his work on "Demonology," that "The remarkable circumstance of Thomas, the second Lord Lyttleton, prophecying his own death within a few minutes, upon the information of an apparition, has always been quoted as a true story. But of late it has been said and published that the unfortunate nobleman had previously determined to take poison, and of course had it in his own power to insure the fulfillment of the prediction. It was no doubt singular that a man who meditated his exit from the world should have chosen to play such a trick on his friends. But it is still more credible that a whimsical man should do so wild a thing, than that a messenger should be sent from the dead to tell a libertine at what precise hour he should expire."

The Prince and the Actress.

From the Paris Correspondence of the Court Journal.

The announcement of the approaching recognition by the Imperial family of Austria of the marriage of Duke Louis of Bavaria with the beautiful Mlle. Mendel, the actress, of Augsbourg, has given a new aim to the theatrical ambition of the ladies of the Paris boards. The visit about to be made by the Empress Elizabeth to the beautiful castle of Lake Stahnberg, where the newly-married couple reside, has become the talk of every *foyer de artistes* in Europe. They say in the *coulisses* here that her Austrian Majesty was the great promoter of the marriage, the story connected with her brother's love and courtship being romantic enough to excite the strongest interest in her kind and womanly heart, and making it forgetful of all distinction of rank, where an equal share of love and delicacy had been displayed by both the lovers. Mademoiselle Mendel, who had preserved her reputation unsullied amid all the perils and temptations of theatrical life, is considered as the most lovely woman in Germany, her beauty being of the true German type, of the peculiar fairness beheld in no other country—golden hair in soft silky masses, without the smallest tinge of auburn—pure gold, unburnished; a complexion delicate as the inner petals of the Bengal rose—pale pink, scarcely ever seen in nature, and almost impossible to produce by artificial means; lips of deep carnation; teeth small and exquisitely white, and eyebrows of the darkest brown, with eyes of the deepest blue. All this made such an impression on the heart of Duke Louis that from the moment he first beheld her at the Munich Theatre he vowed himself to the worship of this one idol. But Mlle. Mendel was valiant in defence of her reputation, and aware of the responsibility incurred by the possession of great talent, resisted every overture, even that of marriage, on the part of the Duke, well knowing that it was out of his power to contract any alliance of the kind, as much was expected of him by his family. At that time Mlle. Mendel was in the habit of wearing a velvet collar with a clasp, ornamented by a single pearl of great value, which had been presented to her by the King of Saxony, and in order to quell all hope of success in the bosom of her royal admirer, she declared to him one day that she had made a vow to bestow her heart and hand on him alone who could match this single pearl with as many others as would form the whole necklace. The declaration was made laughingly, for the fair creature knew well enough the Duke, living fully up to the whole of his income, which was but mediocre for his rank, could never accomplish this Herculean task, and she laughed more merrily still when she beheld the expression of his countenance at the announcement she had made. But soon afterward she heard that the Duke had sold his horses and broken up his establishment—gone to live in the strictest retirement in a small cottage belonging to his brother's park.

That very night, when about to place the velvet band upon her neck, she found, to her great surprise, that a second pearl had been added to the clasp. She knew well enough whence it came, and smiled sadly at the loss of labor she felt sure that Duke Louis was incurring for love's sake. By degrees the velvet band became covered with pearls, all of them as fine as the one bestowed by the King of Saxony, until one evening great was the rumor in Augsbourg. The fair Mendel had been robbed; while on the stage, divested of all ornament, in the prison scene, as Bettina von Armstedt, her dressing-room had been entered, and the velvet band, with its row of priceless pearls had disappeared from the toilet-table. The event was so terrible, her nerves so shaken, that in spite of the assurance of the chief police magistrate, who happened to be in the theatre at the moment, that he was sure to find the thief in a very short time, for he had the clue already, poor Mlle. Mendel was so overcome by grief that her memory failed her entirely, so that on returning to the stage not a word could she remember of her part!

The audience waited some time in astonishment at the silence maintained by the actress; the actress gazed at the audience in piteous embarrassment, until, by a sudden inspiration, and almost mechanically, indeed, she remembered that she had the rehearsal copy of the play in the pocket of her apron. She drew it forth without hesitation, and began to read from it with the greatest self-possession imaginable. At first the audience knew not whether to laugh or be angry, but presently memory, pathos, forgetfulness of all but her art returned to Mlle. Mendel, and in the utterance of one of the most impassioned sentiments of her speech she flung the rehearsal copy into the orchestra, and went on with her part without pause or hesitation. The applause was so tremendous, that one of the witnesses to the scene has told us that the great monster chandelier in the centre of the roof swung to and fro with the vibration. But on her return to her dressing-room the excitement proved too much, and she fainted away. On coming back to consciousness it was to find Duke Louis at her feet, and the head commissaire standing by her side, bidding her take courage, for the pearls had been found. "Where are they?" exclaimed she. "Are you sure that none are missing? Have none been stolen?" Duke Louis then clasped round her neck the string of pearls, complete at last, no longer sewn on to the velvet band, but strung with symmetry and fastened with a diamond clasp. What more could be done by the devoted lover. He had spared neither pains nor sacrifice to attain his end, and Mademoiselle Mendel consented to become his wife. The Empress of Austria appears to have been much moved by the story, and suggested the nomination of the bride elect to the title of Baroness de Wallersee, which thus equalized the rank of the *fiancés*, and enabled them to live without difficulty. They live the most retired life possible in their little chateau on Lake Stahnberg, where the Empress of Austria is about to visit them. They say that the Duchess Louis of Bavaria never puts off night or day the necklace of pearls, the clasp of which she had riveted, and that in consequence of this peculiarity, she is known all through the country round by the name of the Fairy Perlina, from the old German tale of the Magic Pearl.

"N" FOR NANNIE, AND "B" FOR BEN.

"N" for Nannie, and "B" for Ben;
I see them now as I saw them then,
On the bark of the oak tree wed.
She sat waist-deep in the clover white,
And the liquid gold of the June sunlight
Swept over her sweet young head.

And I stood carving the letters twain,
That time and tempest have all in vain
Striven to blur and blast;
They live in the oak-tree's dusky grain,
Stamped as their memory on my brain,
Changing and fading not.

Oh! the vows that I vowed that day,
Their broken shards in my bosom stay,
Wounding it hour by hour.
Could I be false to one so true?
Dared I be cruel, my love, to you—
Nannie, my lily-flower?

Ere the snow had whitened those letters twain,
In the old church porch you hid your pain
As my bride and I passed by.
Your eyes were brave, but your cheeks grew white,
The cheek I should have pillowed that night,
Where it never now may lie.

Little Nannie, you are at rest,
The buttercups growing over your breast,
Close by the grave-yard gate;
But ah! I live to rue the day
Gold tempted my steps from love away,
And mine is the sadder fate.

For I'd give the rest of my life to-night,
To see you sit in the clover white,
The sun on your locks of gold;
And carve once more as I carved them then,
"N" for Nannie, and "B" for Ben,
On the bark of the oak tree old.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE AGONY OF A TOWN.

About two in the morning, at the moment when the blue jay struck up its first song, faint as a sigh, Nocobotha, completely armed for war, left his toldo, and proceeded to the centre of the camp. Here the ulmens, apo-ulmens, and caraskens, were squatting on their heels round an immense fire, and smoking in silence. All rose on the arrival of the supreme toqui, but at a signal from the master they resumed their seats. Nocobotha then turned to the matchi, who was walking gravely by his side, and to whom he had dictated his orders beforehand.

"Will Gualichu," he asked him, "be neutral, adverse, or favorable in the war of his Indian sons against the pale faces?"

The sorcerer went up to the fire, and walked round it thrice from left to right, while muttering unintelligible words. At the third round he filled a calabash with sacred water contained in closely-plaited reeds, sprinkled the assembly, and threw the rest toward the east. Then, with body half bent and head advanced, he stretched out his arms, and appeared listening to sounds perceptible to himself alone.

On his right hand the blue jay poured forth its plaintive note twice in succession. Suddenly the matchi's face was disfigured by horrible grimaces; his blood-suffused eyes swelled; he turned pale and trembled as if suffering from an ague fit.

"The spirit is coming! the spirit is coming!" the Indians said.

"Silence!" Nocobotha commanded; "the sage is about to speak."

In fact, obeying this indirect order, he whistled guttural sounds between his teeth, among which the broken words could be detected—

"The spirit is marching!" he exclaimed; "he has unfastened his long hair, which floats in the wind; his breath spreads death around. The sky is red with blood! Gualichu, the prince of evil will not want for victims. The flesh of the pale faces serves as a sheath for the knives of the Patagonians. Do you hear the urubus and vultures in the distance? What a splendid meal they will have!—utter the war yell! Courage, warriors, Gualichu guides you—death is nothing; glory everything."

The sorcerer still continued to stammer, and rolled on the ground, suffering from a fit of epilepsy. Then the Indians pitilessly turned away from him, for the man who is so rash as to touch the matchi when the spirit is torturing him would be struck by a sudden death. Such is the Indian belief.

Nocobotha addressed the audience in his turn. "Chiefs of the great Patagonian nations, as you see, the God of our fathers is with us, and He wishes our land to become free again. The sun, when it sets, must not see a Spanish flag waving in Patagonia. Courage, brothers! the Incas, my ancestors, who hunt on the blessed prairies of the Eskennam, will joyfully receive among them those who may fall in battle. Each will proceed to his post! the cry of the urubu, repeated thrice at equal intervals, will be the signal for the assault."

The chiefs bowed and withdrew.

The night, studded with stars, was calm and imposing. The moon colored with a pale silver the dark blue of the firmament. There was not a breath in the air, not a cloud in the sky; the atmosphere was serene and limpid; nothing disturbed the silence of this splendid night, except the dull, vague murmur which seems on the desert to be the breathing of sleeping nature.

A thousand varied feelings were confounded in the mind of Nocobotha, who thought of the approaching deliverance of his country, and his love for Dona Concha. Then raising his eyes to the star-studded vault of Heaven, the Indian fervently implored Him who is omnipotent, and who tries the loins and hearts to fight on his side. If he had been compelled to choose his love and the cause he defended, he assuredly would not have hesitated; for the happiness of an individual is as nothing when compared with the liberty of an entire nation.

While the toqui was plunged in these reflections a hand was laid heavily on his shoulder. It was the matchi who looked at him with his tiger-cat eyes.

"What do you want?" he asked him dryly.

"Is my father satisfied with me? Did Gualichu speak well?"

"Yes," the chief said, repressing a start of disgust. "Withdraw."

"My father is great and generous."

Nocobotha contemptuously threw one of his rich necklaces to the wretched sorcerer, who made a grimace to show his joy.

"Begone!" he said to him.

The matchi, satisfied with his reward, went away. The trade of an Indian sorcerer is a famous one.

"I have the time," Nocobotha muttered, after calculating the hours by the position of the stars.

He hastily bent his steps toward Dona Concha's toldo.

"She is there," he said to himself, "she is sleeping, lulled by her childish dreams; her lips are opened like a flower to inhale the perfumed breath of night. She is slumbering with her hand upon her heart to defend it. And I love her! Grant, oh Heaven, that I may render her happy! Help my arm, which wishes to save a people!"

He went up to a warrior, standing at the entrance to the toldo.

"Lucaney," he said, in a voice that was powerfully affected, "I have twice saved you from death."

"I remember it."

"All I love is in that toldo; I intrust it to you."

"This toldo is sacred, my father."

"Thanks!" Nocobotha said, affectionately pressing the hand of the ulmen, who kissed the hem of his robe.

The ulmens, after the council was over, had drawn up their tribes in readiness for the assault; the warriors, lying down flat on the ground, began one of those astounding marches which Indians alone are capable of undertaking. Gliding and crawling like lizards, through the lofty grass, they succeeded, within an hour, in placing themselves unnoticed at the very foot of the Argentine entrenchments. This movement had been executed with the refined prudence the Indians display on the war trail. The silence of the prairie had not been disturbed, and the town seemed buried in sleep.

Some minutes, however, before the ulmens received Nocobotha's final orders, a man, dressed in the costume of the Aucas, had left the camp before them all, and made his way to Carmen on his hands and knees. On reaching the first barricades, he held out his hands to an invisible hand, which hoisted him over the wall.

"Well, Pedrito?"

"We shall be attacked, major, within an hour."

"Is it an assault?"

"Yes; the Indians are afraid of being poisoned like rats, and hence wish to come to an end."

"What is to be done?"

"We must die."

"By Jupiter! that's fine advice."

"We may still try—"

"What?"

"Give me twenty faithful gauchos."

"Take them, and what then?"

"Leave me to act, major. I do not answer for success, as these red demons are as numerous as flies; but I shall certainly kill some of them."

"And the women and children?"

"I have shut them up in the Estancia of San Julian."

"Heaven be praised!"

"But, by-the-way, they will attack the estancia if they take Carmen."

"You're a humbug, Pedrito," the major said, with a smile. "You forget Dona Concha."

"That is true," the bombero remarked gayly; "I did not think of the senorita. I also forgot this—the signal for the attack will be an urubu cry, repeated at three equal intervals."

"Good! I will go and prepare, for I do not expect they will wait for sunrise."

The major on one side, and the bombero on the other, proceeded from post to post to awake the defenders of the town, and warn them to be on their guard.

On that very evening, Major Bloomfield had convened all the inhabitants; and in a short and energetic harangue depicted to them their desperate situation.

"The boats tied up under the guns of the fort," he said, in conclusion, "are ready to receive the women, children, and any frightened men. They will be removed during the night to the Estancia of San Julian."

The inhabitants stationed themselves behind the barricades with eye and ear on the watch, and musket in hand. An hour was spent in watching for the Patagonians, when suddenly the hoarse, ill-omened cry of the urubu broke the silence. A second cry followed the first closely, and the last note of the third was still vibrating, when a frightful clamor burst forth on all sides simultaneously, and the Indians dashed forward tumultuously to scale the outer entrenchments. They broke against the living wall that rose at the barriers. Astounded by this unexpected resistance, the Patagonians fell back, and were decimated by the canister, which spread desolation and death among their ranks.

Pedrito, profiting by the panic of the Red Skins, dashed after them at the head of his gauchos, and cut them down vigorously.

After two hours of terrific fighting, the sun, disdainful of human contests, majestically rose in the horizon, and spread the splendor of its beams over the field of carnage. The Indians saluted its apparition with shouts of joy, and rushed with much rage at the intrenchments—their shock was irresistible.

The colonists fled, pursued by the savages. But a formidable explosion upheaved the ground beneath their feet, and the hapless Indians hurled into the air fell dead all around. It was a mine the Argentines had fired.

The Indians, wild with terror, and deaf to the voice of their ulmens, fled, and refused to begin the engagement again.

Nocobotha, mounted on a splendid charger, black as night, dashed forward, almost alone, and waved the sacred totem of the United Nations, shouting in a voice heard above the din of battle—

"Cowards who refuse to conquer, at least see me die!"

This cry sounded in the ears of the Indians as a shameful reproach, and they ran after their chief.

Nocobotha appeared invulnerable. He made his horse curvet, rushed into the thickest of the fight, parried every blow with the staff of the totem, which he raised above his head and shouted to his men—

"Courage, follow me!"

"Nocobotha, the last of the Indians! let us die for the Child of the Sun!" the Patagonians shouted, electrified by the rash boldness of their toqui.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically pointing to the planet of day, "see! my radiant father smiles on our valor. Forward, forward!"

"Forward!" the warriors repeated, and redoubled their fury.

All the town was already invaded, and the fighting went on from house to house. The Aucas formed in close columns, and, led by Nocobotha, dashed up the eastern steep street that runs to Old Carmen and the citadel. They advanced fearlessly, in spite of the incessant fire from the guns of the fort. Nocobotha, respected by death, and ever in front, brandished his totem, and made his black horse rear.

"Well, Major Bloomfield said, mournfully to Pedrito, "the hour has arrived."

"Do you wish it, major?"

"I insist on it."

"That is enough," the bombero added. "Good-bye, major, till we meet again in another world."

The two men shook hands: it was a final leave-taking, for, unless a miracle occurred, they were about to die. After this farewell, Pedrito collected fifty horsemen, formed them into a close squadron, and between two discharges from the battery, they dashed at full speed upon the ascending Indians. The Red Skins opened right and left before this avalanche that rushed down the mountain; and they had scarce recovered from their stupor, ere they perceived the Spanish horsemen in three boats, pulling out to sea with all their might.

Taking advantage of this bold diversion, all the colonists, by Major Bloomfield's directions, shut themselves up in the fort.

Nocobotha made the Aucas a sign to halt, and advanced alone up to the walls of the citadel.

"Major," he shouted in a firm voice, "surrender; you and your men will be allowed to live."

"You are a traitor and a dog," the major, who at once appeared, answered.

"You are warned, you and your men."

"I will not surrender."

Twenty bullets whistled from the top of the wall, but Nocobotha had returned to his warriors with the rapidity of an arrow.

"Back! back!" he shouted to them.

A detonation, loud as a hundred peals of thunder, rent the air. The major had blown up the powder in the fortress. The stony giant oscillated for two or three seconds on its base like an intoxicated mastodon; then, suddenly torn from the ground, it rose in the air, and burst like an over-ripe pomegranate, amid expiring cries of "Long live our country!"

A shower of stones and horridly mutilated corpses fell on the terrified Indians.

All was over. Nocobotha was master of the ruins of Carmen. Weeping with rage on seeing this disastrous victory, he planted his totem on a piece of tottering wall, which was the only relic of the fort and its defenders.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LAST OF THE INCAS.

The principal houses of the town were only spared from pillage; and Nocobotha, in order to save their riches, adjudged them to the most powerful ulmens. As for himself, he established his head-quarters in his own mansion in Old Carmen. Don Valentine and his daughter took possession of their house, which had escaped the fury of the Indians.

The town, crowded with Patagonians, offered an image of desolation.

A week after the capture of the colony, at about ten in the morning, three persons were conversing in a low voice in Don Valentine Cardoso's saloon. They were Don Valentine himself, his daughter, and the Capatas Don Blas Sallazar. The latter, in his gaucho dress, had the look of a thorough bandit. Mercedes, standing as sentry at a window, was laughing heartily at him, to the great despair of the capatas, who most sincerely wished his confounded disguise at the deuce.

"Blas, my friend," Don Valentine was saying, "get yourself ready for a dance."

"Then the ceremony is to take place to-day?"

"Yes, Blas. I must confess that we live in singular times, and a singular country. I have seen several revolutions, but this one beats them all."

"From the Indian point of view," Concha said, "it is very logical."

"Which of you, a month ago, expected

such a sudden re-establishment of the empire of the Incas?"

"Not I," the capatas replied. "Still, it seems to me that Nocobotha is not at all magnanimous for a future emperor."

"What do you mean by that, my friend?"

"Has he not written to Don Sylvio that, if he does not leave the colony in three days, he will have him hung?"

"Before hanging people," said Dona Concha, "it is necessary to catch them."

"All that is very fine, Blas, but you will return to the estancia. Above all, do not forget my instructions."

"Trust to me for that, excellency; but I am anxious about Pedrito," he added, in a low voice, not to be overheard by Mercedes; "he has disappeared for the last six days, and we have heard nothing about him."

"Don Pedro," Concha remarked, "is not the man to be lost without leaving traces. Reassure yourself, we shall see him again."

"Nocobotha!" Mercedes exclaimed, turning round.

"Blas, my friend, decamp," Don Valentine said.

"Come again soon," Mercedes added.

Nocobotha walked in. The great chief of the Aucas, dressed in his magnificent Indian costume, had a thoughtful brow and anxious look. After the first compliment, Dona Concha, alarmed by the chief's gloomy appearance, bent forward gracefully to him, and said, with an affectionate air, which was admirably assumed—

"What is the matter with you, Torribio; you seem troubled? Have you received any unpleasant news?"

"No, madam; I thank you. If I were ambitious, all my wishes would be fulfilled. The Patagonian chiefs have resolved on re-establishing the Empire of the Incas, and they have elected me, who am the direct heir, to succeed the unfortunate Athahualpa; but—"

"They have done you justice."

"This distinction terrifies me, and I fear I cannot bear the weight of an empire. The wounds dealt my race by the Spaniards are old and deep. The Indians have been brutalised by a long servitude. What a task it is to command these disunited tribes! Who will carry on my work if I die in twenty years, two years, to-morrow, perhaps? What will become of the dream of my life?"

"Heaven means you to live long, Don Torribio," Dona Concha answered.

"A diadem on my brow! Stay, senorita, I am discouraged, weary of life; it seems to me that the crown will press my temples like a band of iron, and crush them, and that I shall be buried in my triumph!"

"Dismiss these vain presentiments," the girl remarked, giving a side glance full of meaning.

"As you know, madam, the Tarpeian Rock is close to the Capitol."

"Come, come! Don Torribio," Don Valentine said, gayly; "let us take our places."

A splendid breakfast had been laid. The first moments passed in silence. The guests seemed embarrassed, but by degrees, thanks to Dona Concha's efforts, the conversation became more animated. Nocobotha, it could be easily seen, was making a violent effort to drive back the flood of thoughts that ran to his lips. Toward the end of the repast he turned to the young lady.

"Senorita," he said to her, "this evening all will be over. I shall be Emperor of the Patagonians, and enemy of the Spaniards, who will doubtless return with arms in their hands to overthrow our empire. What they most dread in an Indian insurrection is the reprisals, that is to say, the massacre of the white men. My marriage with an Argentine is a pledge of peace for your countrymen, and a security for their commerce. Dona Concha, give me your hand."

"What hurry is there at this moment, Don Torribio?" she asked. "Are you not sure of me?"

"Ever the same vague and obscure answer," the chief said, with a frown. "Child, you are playing with a lion—and I see to the bottom of your heart. Imprudent girl, you are rushing on your own destruction; but no, you are in my power; and after saving your life ten times, I offer you half a throne. To-morrow, madam, you will and must marry me. Your father's and Don Sylvio's heads will answer for your obedience."

And seizing a crystal bottle full of limpid water, he filled his glass to the brim, and emptied it at a draught, while Dona Concha gazed at him fixedly; this look contained a cruel and concealed joy.

"In an hour," he added, as he placed the glass on the table again, "you will be present at the ceremony by my side; I insist on it."

"I will be there," she replied.

"Farewell, madam."

The young lady rose quickly, seized the bottle, and walked up to the window.

"What are you going to do there?" Don Valentine asked.

"I am watering my flowers, father."

While pouring out the water, Concha, whose eye sparkled with a gloomy fire, muttered to herself—

"Don Torribio, you told me one day that there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip; well, listen to me in my turn; between your forehead and a crown there is death!"

She then placed two flower-pots near the balustrade on the terrace of the house. This was doubtless a signal, for in a few minutes Mercedes entered the saloon hurriedly, saying—

"He is here."

"Let him come in," Don Valentine and his daughter said simultaneously.

Pedrito made his appearance. The estanciero recommended the utmost vigilence to Mercedes, closed the door, and then seated himself by the bombero's side.

"Well?" he asked him.

The Plaza Mayor on this day offered an unexpected sight. In the centre rose a tall scaffold covered with red velvet tapestry, on which a chair of carved nopal wood was placed. The back was surmounted by a massive gold sun flashing with diamonds; a vulture of the Andes, the sacred bird of the Incas, also of gold, held in its bent beak an imperial crown, while in its claws it had a sceptre terminating in a trident, and a hand of justice holding a dazzling sun. This vulture, with out-stretched wings, seemed hovering over the chair, to which there was an ascent of four steps. On the right of this chair was another, somewhat lower, but more simple.

At mid-day, the moment when the day star at its zenith darts forth all its beams, five cannon shots, fired at regular intervals, boomed forth majestically. At the same moment the different Patagonian tribes debouched through each of the entrances of the square, led by their ulmen, and dressed in their robes of state. Only fifteen thousand warriors were assembled, for, according to the Indian custom, so soon as Carmen was taken, the booty was sent, under safe escort, to the mountains, and the Patagonian troops disbanded and returned to their tolderias, ready to come back, however, on the first signal.

The tribes drew up on three sides, leaving the fourth vacant, which was soon occupied by five hundred gauchos. The latter were mounted and well armed, while the Indians were on foot, and had only their machetes in their girdle. The windows were lined with spectators, behind whom Indian women, irregularly grouped, thrust out their heads over their shoulders.

The centre of the square was free. In front of the scaffolding, and at the foot of a clumsy altar shaped like a table, with a deep gutter running down it and a sun above it, stood the great matchi of the Patagonians and twenty priests, all with their arms crossed, and their eyes fixed on the ground.

When all had taken their places, five more gunshots were fired, and a brilliant cavalcade came up. Nocobotha, who marched at their head, with Dona Concha on his right and Don Valentine on his left, held his totem in his hand. After them came the principal ulmens and caraskens of the united nations, with their brilliant ornaments of gold and precious stones.

Nocobotha got off his horse, held out his hand to Dona Concha to help her to dismount, mounted the scaffold, led her to the second chair, and himself stopped before the first one, though without sitting down. His ordinary pale features were inflamed, his eyes seemed swollen by watching, and he incessantly wiped away the perspiration that stood on his forehead. Something unusual was going on within him. Dona Concha's pallor was extreme, but her face was tranquil.

The ulmens surrounded the scaffold, and at a third cannonade, the priests stepped on one side and displayed a securely bound man lying on the ground in their midst. The matchi turned to the crowd.

"All you who listen to me, the Sun, our ancestor, has smiled on our arms, and Gualicha himself fought for us. The empire of the Incas is established, the Indians are free, and the supreme chief of the Patagonian nation, Nocobotha, is about to place on his head the diadem of Athahualpa. In the name of the new emperor and ourselves we are about to offer to the Sun from whom he is descended, the most grateful of all sacrifices. Priests, bring up the victim."

The priests laid the unhappy wretch in the trough of the altar. He was a colonist made prisoner at the taking of Poblacion del Sur; indeed the pulpero in whose shop the gauchos were accustomed to drink their chica.

In the meanwhile Nocobotha trembled as if smitten with ague. He had a buzzing in his ears; his temples beat violently, and his eyes were suffused with blood. He supported himself on one of the arms of his chair.

"What is the matter?" Dona Concha asked him.

"I do not know," he answered; "the heat, the excitement, perhaps—I am stifling; I hope it will be nothing."

The unfortunate pulpero had been stripped of all his clothes, with the exception of his trowsers, and he uttered heart-rending cries. The matchi approached him, brandishing his knife.

"Oh, it is frightful!" Dona Concha exclaimed, burying her face in her hands.

"Silence!" Nocobotha murmured; "it must be."

The matchi, insensible to the yells of the victim, selected the spot where he was to strike, looked at the day star with an inspired air, raised his knife, and laid open the pulpero's chest. Then, while the victim writhed in agony, and the priests collected the blood which poured in a stream, the matchi plucked out his heart, and held it up to the sun.

At this moment all the ulmens mounted the scaffold, and seating Nocobotha on the throne, raised him on their shoulders, shouting enthusiastically—

"Long live the new Emperor! long live the Son of the Sun!"

The priests sprinkled the crowd with the blood of the victim, and the Indians filled the air with deafening shouts.

At length Nocobotha exclaimed, "I have restored the Empire of the Incas, and freed my race!"

"Not yet!" Dona Concha said to him, triumphantly. "Look!"

The gauchos, who had hitherto been impassive spectators of the ceremony, suddenly dashed at a gallop upon the defenceless Indians, while through all the streets poured Argentine troops, who had arrived from Buenos Ayres, and all the windows were lined with white men, who fired at the mob. In the centre of the square could be recognised Don Sylvio d'Arenal, Blas Salazar Pedrito and his two brothers, who pitilessly massacred the Indians with shouts of "Exterminate the Pagans!"

"Oh!" Nocobotha exclaimed, brandishing his totem with a trembling hand, "what treachery!"

He tried to fly to the help of his people, but he tottered and fell on his knees; his eyes were covered by an ensanguined mist; a devouring fire burnt his entrails. "What is the matter?" he asked himself in despair.

"You are dying, Don Torribio," Dona Concha whispered in his ear, as she seized his arm forcibly.

"Woman, you lie," he said, striving to rise. "I will help my brothers."

"Your brothers are being slaughtered; did you not mean to kill my father, my affianced husband, and myself? Die, villain! die by a woman's hand! I love Don Sylvio—do you hear me? and I am avenged."

"Woe, woe!" Nocobotha shrieked, dragging himself on his knees to the edge of the platform, "I am the murderer of a people I wished to save."

The Indians fell like ripe corn before the sickle of the reapers. It was no longer a combat, but a butchery. Several chiefs flying before Pedrito the capatas and Don Sylvio rushed to the platform as a last refuge.

"Oh!" Nocobotha howled, as he took a tiger bound and seized Don Sylvio by the throat, "I too will revenge myself."

There was a moment of terrible anxiety.

"No," the chief added, letting loose his enemy and falling back; "it would be cowardly, for this man has done me no injury."

Dona Concha, on hearing these words, could not restrain tears of admiration, tardy tears; tears of repentance, or of love, perhaps!

Pedrito fired his rifle into the chest of the chief, who was lying stretched out at his feet. At the same instant Pincheira fell, his head cleft asunder by Don Sylvio. Don Valentine, struck by a straggling bullet, sank into his disconsolate daughter's arms.

"My God," Nocobotha murmured, "you will judge me!" He looked up to heaven, moved his lips again as if in prayer, and suddenly his countenance became radiant; he fell back and expired.

"Perhaps this man's cause was just," Dona Concha said, overwhelmed with remorse.

It is not the first time that a woman has, through the decree of heaven, arrested a conqueror. THE END.

Serpents and Venomous Snakes.

BY N. A. WOODS.

In the present paper I have tragic elements to deal with, namely, with snakes whose bite is dreadfully venomous, and those whose bite is absolutely deadly and beyond all reach of cure yet known to man. The subject is just now exciting peculiar interest, from the alleged discoveries of a cure for snake-bites in South Australia, by the injection of ammonia into the veins near where the poison-wound has been inflicted. The large reward, too, offered by the East Indian Government for a cure for the bite of the cobra, has led Indian surgeons into a wide field of inquiry and experiment. This is not the time or the place in which to discuss medical researches; it is sufficient to say, therefore, that as yet all efforts to discover an antidote have signally failed. It is, of course, impossible to set any limits to what science may accomplish in the future; but for the present it has done nothing; and the most eminent medical men who have given their attention to the bites of the *deadly* reptiles confess with sorrow that they believe that the Government might as well offer a reward for the recovery of a man who had cut his head off, or swallowed an ounce of prussic acid or strychnia, as for the recovery of a patient who had been bitten by the real Indian cobra. Nor is the Indian cobra the worst specimen of this very bad class. There are many others which, though not more certainly fatal, are more swiftly fatal than this reptile. It is this swiftness of action which takes away the chance of remedy. Most persons are bitten when in wild districts, and generally far away from medical aid. Under the most favorable circumstances, many minutes must elapse before the surgeon sees them, and a minute makes the difference of life or death; for all the blood of the human frame passes through the heart once in every four minutes and a half, circulating the poison throughout the system in all directions. Thus it is that neither surgeons or orphiologists attach much importance to the injection of ammonia into the veins. Ammonia, as an antidote to the bites of many dangerous snakes, has long been known and is freely used in India, where it is kept at all the country police-stations with printed directions on the bottle for its use. But ammonia can be administered internally by any one; whereas the injection of the fluid into the veins is a delicate, and sometimes a dangerous, operation even for a skilled surgeon. At any rate, whether injected or swallowed, it has never been asserted that ammonia could do the least good in the case of a cobra-bite; the cure for which the Indian Government are most properly, though as yet unfortunately most vainly, seeking to discover. The chances seem now as remote to English and French surgeons as they have always been to the natives who have dwelt among the reptiles for ages.

Before going further into the subject, it is well to divide it under two proper heads: first, of those snakes which, though dreadfully venomous, are not of *necessity* deadly, if the person bitten is of strong constitution, and, above all, if *instant* and *proper* precautions are adopted; secondly, of those snakes which are absolutely fatal, and against the effect of the bites of which no remedies we know of are of the least avail. I am sorry to say that the last class is almost as numerous as the first. Under the first head I include the English viper, the large black viper of Southern Europe and Asia Minor, the black snake, brown snake, tiger-snake of Australia, the spotted snake of Southern Canada, the moccasin snake, and the rattlesnake, which latter abounds in most parts of North America. There are, of course, degrees in the amount of venom of all these snakes, as there are degrees in the rapidity with which death follows on the bites of those which are fatal. Thus, a tuboba's bite leaves the victim to linger in four or five hours or more of hopeless agony before the inevitable death ensues; whereas in the case of the coral-snake, or *la dama blanca*,—the white lady,—the stupor which precedes dissolution ensues within a few minutes after the bite, certainly within a quarter of an hour. Thus also it is with the more deadly snakes. The proportion of those who die by the bite of the common English viper is probably not more than one per cent. to those who die by the bite of the black viper, which is about five per cent.; and so on up to the rattlesnake, when I fear the proportion of fatal results is more than eighty per cent.; and the same with what are erroneously called the *deadly* snakes of South Australia. It may seem strange that I should include the terrible snakes of South Australia, and, above all, the dreaded rattlesnake, among those which are not *necessarily* deadly in their bite; but I believe I shall be able to show my readers that such is really the truth.

I have lived at different times upon the prairies both east and west of the Mississippi, upon the wild, barren region which skirts near the "staked plains," and the more fertile though equally desolate-looking expanse which is covered with sage-brush up to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains. In all these places rattlesnakes were to be found, and sometimes in alarming numbers. On little sunlit knolls or rounded boulders as many as twenty, or even more, might be seen in the space of a few square feet, coiled up asleep, basking in the sun, but each with his tail-rattle left out, free to move at the first alarm, and warn the intruder of his danger. The rattlesnake is not a vicious snake; that is to say, it will not bite wantonly, like the cobra or the copperhead. It is pre-eminently a sluggish—almost as sluggish as the puffadder or the most beautiful but terrible coral-snake. When disturbed, it does not move off, but simply rattles its tail to warn those coming near; and if the intrusion is persisted in, as it often is, will simply crawl slowly away, rattling all the time as a kind of menace that it must not be followed. This, in some prairies where the grass is less luxuriant, always leads to its destruction. Without the aid of its rattle, its soft, beautiful velvet markings of black and yellow can always instantly be seen, and the reptile can be killed by a child with a switch. It cannot, however, be treated with the same indifference by the prairie-hunter during the dark night, and where the grass is thick. Then, when the dry-rattle is heard ahead—a sound which I can compare to nothing better than to the noise of peas rattled in a tin box—an instant halt is called, and every one throws bits of stick or earth, or stone in the direction of the sound, till the vermin is driven off and goes rattling away, when, of course, the party give his locality a wide berth, and decamp from it. The great danger of rattlesnakes is, in fact, their sluggishness. They sleep so sound and are so inert, that they will remain till actually trodden upon without any warning rattle, and then, as a matter of course, they bite instantly; for even the best-tempered snake does not like the heel of a heavy prairie-settler on his tail.

My first visit to the great Western prairies was made, among other objects, to inquire into the truth of the statement that the bite of the rattlesnake could be cured. I prosecuted my inquiries, indeed, far and wide; and the result left no doubt upon my mind that the rattlesnake is not necessarily deserving of the title of a *deadly* reptile when instant and proper precautions are taken. I believe Dr. Acland, the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, when on the prairies of Illinois with the Prince of Wales, made similar inquiries, and with a similar result. My information on this head, apart from general report, comes from trustworthy persons who had been bitten once, and one at least who had been bitten *twice*, in the same year. In all these cases the intended victims to the reptile's anger were powerful, healthy young men, and were with companions who had the means and knew how to apply the remedies. These remedies are simple to the extreme of severity. The instant a person is bitten—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the bite is just above the ankle, or in the calf of the leg below the knee—a ligature, generally a leather bootlace, is fastened both *above* and *below* the wound. A piece of stick can be inserted between this thong and the flesh, and by twisting the stick round and round, the ligature is contracted till it almost cuts to the bone. Corn-whiskey—a terrible distillation of Indian corn, which, as the prairiemen themselves say, "will kill at forty rods"—is given in as copious doses as the poisoned man can swallow. In the meantime, supposing only a few minutes have elapsed, the flesh between the ligatures has become so numbed that it is almost dead to feeling, and it is then excoriated around the poisoned fang-marks, and allowed to bleed as freely as it can. Gunpowder is next rubbed into the wound, and a little pile of about an ounce put over the incision. This is lighted by a match, and the ignition, which at once takes place, not only cauterises the wound, but partially destroys the tissues. A blister almost immediately rises over the place, and this again is opened. A more speedy and more efficacious method of cauterizing wounds does not exist in medicine. Indeed, the whole treatment is especially adapted to the wild regions in which this impromptu surgery is exercised; for very few prairie-parties are without corn-whiskey, still fewer are without gunpowder, and none at all without the means of making ligatures. The most important part, however, remains to be told, and that is the rule *never to let the injured man rest*. The torpor which comes over any unhappy one bitten by a rattlesnake, or any South-Australian snake, is, if indulged in, the sure precursor of death. It is a torpor and sleepiness such as few narcotics could produce—it is the torpor of departing vitality. Even if the poor fellow has to be dragged along on his back, or rolled from side to side, or tumbled about in all directions, he must *not sleep*. Another essential, at least in the prairies, is the continued administration of corn-whiskey. No matter how much the stomach rejects it, it must be given continually, and in large doses. In about twelve hours after the wound, the worst symptoms begin to abate; but there is sure to be a recurrence of them in a modified form about twenty-four hours after the bite was inflicted—and for these the same treatment as to walking about and whiskey is continued, though also in a very modified form. In the end a profuse outbreak of painful boils on the skin, which generally continue for three or four months, completes the cure. Once, when on the prairies, I had occasion to try these remedies on a mule. I was out with a hunting-party, and in the course of a week we lost two mules. No one thought they were bitten, so that when the torpor overtook them, and they lay down near camp, none suspected that they were doing more than resting themselves. Both, however, were found dead in the morning, and one not only dead, but cold and stiff, so that he must have died soon after sunset. Both, our hunters declared from the inflamed appearance of the nostrils, had been bitten by rattlesnakes while grazing. We were of course very unwilling to admit such an unpleasant fact; but, nevertheless, admit it or not, it turned out to be the truth; for in a few days afterwards, one of our party actually saw a rattlesnake bite one of the mules. His attention was attracted by the noise of the rattle near where a mule was feeding close to camp. He went cautiously towards the sound, keeping his eye fixed upon the spot whence it proceeded, and, as he did so, he distinctly saw the reptile raise its head and strike the mule in the nose. An alarm was given, and the snake was easily followed and as easily killed. It was not a large one—barely three feet long—but it was thick for its size. Its two poison-fangs must have been recently shed, for they were singularly small—not larger than the thorns on a rose-tree. The mule never stirred after it was bitten, but remained with its head to the ground as if transfixed. Now was the time to try the prairie cure. We made a "twitch," and got it round the poor brute's nose, which we compressed until it became like a dumpling. It was then very deeply cut, and very freely bled too. By the aid of the same twitch we got nearly a pint and a half of corn-whiskey down its throat. During all these proceedings, the mule, which was, like most mules, by no means remarkable for its good temper, made not the slightest effort at resistance. It was evident that the fatal torpor was setting in, so we hurried over the rest of our surgery. The animal was carefully blindfolded, and a flat piece of wood brought, on the end of which about one ounce and a half of powder was placed in a lump with a train leading to it. The mule's nose was placed on this, and the powder fired. This apparently was the only part of our proceedings to which the animal objected, for in spite of the twitch and all our efforts, it reared with a tremendous plunge and fell on its back. It was not, however, allowed to rest for long, and by dint of flogging and pulling we got it on its legs again, and by means of the same rough stimulants took it in turns to keep it trotting up and down for some four hours. Then it was let rest; and next day it was better, though too weak to carry anything. It was never, however, fit for much while we had it—for about a fortnight more. Its hair came off in patches, and the least load gave it a sore back; so we "dickered" it away on the first chance for a little mustang pony, paying in kind the obvious difference between the value of the two animals.

It is generally supposed that rattlesnakes are rare; but, in fact, they are about the most common of all the dangerously-venomous reptiles that we know of. They are not, of course, to be found in the streets of New York or on the sidewalks of the Western cities of Chicago and St. Louis; but Mr. Beirstadt, the great American landscape-painter, assured me that he could show me places within twenty miles of New York where I could find plenty of them; and I know, of my own knowledge, that they can be found within five miles of either St. Louis or Chicago. In the western parts of Pennsylvania they abound, and they abound likewise all round the cliffs at Niagara. The gentleman at whose house I was staying at Niagara, and who had a very large disused cellar beneath it, with common barred openings to admit the light and air, told me the place was always more or less full of them, so that for that reason they seldom, if ever, used it. The first reptile of this kind I ever killed, was among the rocks round the whirlpool below the Falls, where they are most numerous; and the largest I ever killed was within a few miles of the same place—Brock's monument, on the frontier of Canada. He was a very large fellow, nearly five feet three inches long, and very thick. His poison fangs, too, were unusually long—more than one-third of an inch. One word now about these poison-fangs, in reference to which the most absurd ideas prevail. They are in no snake more than two in number, and are placed at each side of the very front part of the upper jaw. When the snake is in a state of repose, or, indeed, until in the very act of biting, the fangs lie flat along the roof of the reptile's mouth. They are intensely sharp, and as pointed as the finest needles. From the root to the point, however, they are hollow in spite of this fineness, and the root is in direct connection with the venom-ducts or bags in the roof of the mouth. In biting, the muscular action of the mouth elevates these two teeth into a straight position as sharp fangs, and by the action of their elevation, and still more by the force of the actual bite, the drop of venom is forced down from the ducts into the hollow hook and into the wound they make. In extracting these fangs, collectors (and they are more numerous than most people would believe) cannot be too careful. In no case should they ever be touched with the hand, no matter how strongly gloved. When pulled out—the smallest kind of pliers will do this easily—they should be boiled for at least an hour, and then placed in a vial of the strongest spirits of ammonia for a week. A friend of mine, while sweeping off a table into a box two large puff-adder's fangs, which had been boiled, drove one rather deeply into his hand and for more than a month after his hand and arm were continually covered with painful boils. A similar accident, which occurred to one of the keepers of the Zoological Gardens, London, was followed with precisely similar results.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The most beautiful of all the wives of Senators is said to be Mrs. Ramsey, of Minnesota; and beauty counts in Washington.

☞ Ex-editor and ex-Minister John Bigelow, it is said, is to assume editorial direction of the Times, with a ten-thousand-per-annum salary and a large proprietary interest.

☞ It must be a happy thought to a Jersey lover that his blood and that of his own sweetheart mingle in the same mosquito.

☞ Immense quantities of California fruit have arrived in Chicago. The pears are said to be the finest ever brought to that city, and the purple plums are without superiors. The opening shipments have resulted well, and the most experienced fruiterers are delighted with the perfection of these summer products, brought six days' journey overland.

☞ A borrowed tool, if broken, should be replaced by a new one. A nice sense of honor in such matters is much to be commended.

☞ We were yesterday shown one of the new $10 counterfeit greenbacks. With the exception of a greasy feeling to the touch, and a rather heavy impression of the line "ten dollars," in black on the face of the note, it is very like the genuine, and the one shown us had been taken as good by a pretty sharp Third street broker, and was subsequently pronounced genuine by the paying teller of one of our largest banks.—*Phila. Ledger.*

☞ Amasa Campbell, of Pownal, Vt., was so badly stung by bees lately, that he died in a few hours.

☞ The Commissioners of the World's Fair of 1851, held in London, have just issued a prospectus, announcing that a similar exhibition will take place in 1871. As the Crystal Palace has been removed to Sydenham, a few miles from London, a building is already prepared, although additions may be necessary in order to rival the display of the French Exposition of 1867.

☞ A young gentleman of Logansport, Ill., has sued a barber for spoiling his moustache in trying to color it, and laid his damages at fifty dollars.

☞ Miss Anthony says she "speaks best when half asleep and on her pillow." Susan, this information will damage your chances of obtaining a husband for ever.—*N. Y. Leader.*

☞ "A man died in Brooklyn from overeating." Thousands die yearly, everywhere, from the same cause.

☞ Since Lamartine's death five millions of his photographs have been sold, and no fewer than 800,000 cheap statues.

☞ A gentleman writing from the home of Whittier, says: "Among the amusing incidents which enliven the quiet of this country home was that of the call of a gentleman who professed the greatest admiration for Mr. Whittier, declaring that he had made a study of his writings; but through the whole interview he addressed him as Mr. Whittaker. Such is fame."

Rather Hard on Growling Agriculturists.

The vicissitudes to which agriculturists are subject are so numerous, that they are apt to complain and look upon the "dark side," in spite of aggregate successes which they have achieved. We know an accomplished but eccentric gentleman, who, being a lawyer, and as he added flippantly, an infidel besides, was very fond of amusing himself over the real and imaginary sorrows of his fellow-citizens engaged in agriculture. One day on the court-house steps of ——, an old planter, who was noted for his zealous piety, was complaining of the season, of the prospects of his crops, and prophesying that the people would come to ruin, and noticing our "infidel friend" staring at him, he inquired: "Colonel H——, how's your crop."

The colonel straightened himself up, and remarked: "Sir, I am too religious in my nature to plant anything. I wouldn't plant even a potato."

The pious planter was taken aback. He knew the colonel was a professed scoffer and infidel, and, after recovering from his astonishment, he said: "What do you mean by being too religious to plant even a potato?"

"Why, this," said the colonel, affecting to be very serious, "at present I plant nothing, and, as a result, I never have occasion to complain of the variableness of the seasons, or rail as you do, sir, against the wise administration of the workings of Providence. But if I plant a single potato, it would change my moral existence and imperil my personal happiness. If it were raining I should be miserable, because the rain might injure my potato; if it were sunny or bright, I should be unhappy lest a drought might follow and destroy my potato. If it were cold and bracing, I should be feverish with indignation lest my potato would be frost-bitten. If it were intensely hot, I should smother with an extra fever lest my potato would burn up. No, sir," continued the colonel, "I am too religious by nature to imperil my soul, if I have got any, by being a miserable agriculturist."

Prevalence of Gambling.

Gambling, it is asserted, has spread to an alarming extent among all classes of society, and respectable men openly indulge in this vice, regarding it merely as a harmless pastime. At Chicago, where statistics on this subject have been collected, it is asserted, that there are forty gambling houses, taking in $8,000 every night, and earning $3,000,000 per annum. At New Orleans gaming houses are as public as the hotels and stores, and other of our large cities are becoming rivals of Vicksburg and Natchez, as they existed before the rebellion. The fashionable watering places also present attractions to the unwary, and gaming tables are resorted to by visitors with as little shame or compunction of conscience as the frequenters of the European Spas. The remedy for this terrible evil is of difficult application. Every state has passed stringent laws against gaming, but the vice still flourishes. Even the sufferers dare not prosecute the keepers, for while the sin is concealed, the character of the private gamester is preserved, but as soon as he announces his own dereliction from duty, he loses caste as a business man and completes his ruin. In fact, the only way to check the vice of gambling, is to improve the general tone of public morality.

SEEING ONE'S HAIR TURN GRAY.—A Col. Franks was last winter engaged near the village of Chamba, Bengal, with a body of rebels, and many prisoners were taken; one of them, a Bengalee, aged about fifty-four, was conducted before the authorities to undergo interrogations. The prisoner, for the first time, appeared to realize the danger of his situation when he found himself stripped and surrounded with soldiers. He trembled violently. Then, under the very eyes of those present, (says an observer,) and in the space of some half an hour, his hair, which they had seen to be of a brilliant black, become gray on every part of his head. The sergeant who had charge of the prisoner cried out "He is turning gray," and called attention to the singular phenomenon.

TO SAVE DROWNING PERSONS.—It may not be generally known that when a person is drowning, if he is taken by the arms from behind, between the elbows and shoulders, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and whatever struggle he may make will only assist the person holding him in keeping his head above water. A good swimmer can thus keep a man above water for an hour. If seized anywhere else, the probability is that he will clutch the swimmer, and, as is often the case, both will be drowned.

☞ A Western traveller, having secured half a bed, in order to prevent encroachments, buckled a spur on his heel before retiring. His unfortunate sleeping-partner, after several thrusts of the sharp reminder, roared out: "Say, stranger, if you are a gentleman, you ought at least to cut your toe-nails."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—Sales of 14,000 bbls Flour at $6,25 for low grade up to $7,50 for choice Northwestern, $8,25@7,25 for Penna, $6,75@8 for Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, including some middlings at $5; superfine at $5@5,87½; extras at $5,50@5,75, and fancy lots at $8,50@10, according to quality. Rye Flour; sales at $6,25.

GRAIN—The market has been less active; sales of 40,000 bus, including old Penna and Western red at $1,45@1,52; new do at $1,45@1,60, chiefly at $1,55; amber at $1,55½@1,58, and white at $1,55@1,75. Rye; sales of 2000 bus at $1,20@1,25. Corn; sales of 40,000 bus yellow at $1,16 down to $1,12, and Western mixed from $1,15 down to $1,08. Oats; sales of 48,000 bus Western at 74@76c; inferior and prime Penna at 58@73c, and new Southern at 58@62c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $34, and city packed Mess Beef at $22. Beef Hams are held at $22@22,50. Bacon—Sales of 200 tcs plain and fancy canvassed hams at 19½@22½c; sides at 18½@20c, and shoulders at 16@16½c. Lard—Sales of 500 bbls and tcs at 19½c for steam and kettle rendered, and kegs at 20c. Butter—Sales of 20,000 lbs yellow in tubs at 20@23c, and poor solid packed at 15@16c. Cheese—Sales of prime at 15@16c, as in quality. Eggs sell at 21@22c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—Sales of 800 bales middling uplands, mostly at 32½c, and New Orleans at 34½c.

BARK—Sales of 60 hhds Quercitron are reported $40 ₱ ton.

FRUIT—Dried Fruit—We quote Apples at 5@10c; Peaches at 5@8c for quarters, and 10@12c for halves.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 9@18c, and Wisconsin at 7@18c, as in quality.

IRON—Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42; No 2 at $40, and Gray Forge at $37 here, and White and Mottled at the furnaces at $35,50 Scotch Pig is worth $40@42.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2300 head. The prices realized from 9@9¾ cts ₱ lb. 200 Cows brought from $45 to $75 ₱ head. Sheep—15,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₱ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 to 13,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

Rates of Advertising.

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☞ Payment is required in advance.

Anecdote of Admiral Farragut.

In the new book entitled "Admiral Farragut's Flag Abroad," the writer, in illustrating the admiral's easy cordiality of manner, says that on the day preceding his departure from London, when her grace, the Duchess of Somerset, was earnestly entreating him to dine with her the fourth time, on the morrow, gratified with her empressment of manner, he grasped her hand with both his own, and exclaimed, "But, my dear fellow, it is impossible!" The duchess was delighted with the term of endearment, claims it as a legacy from Admiral Farragut, and relates it with the liveliest pleasure.

☞ A young lady of Jefferson, Ohio, made a dire mistake the other day. In the darkness she used a bottle of violet ink for perfumery, put some upon her handkerchief, wiped her face, and hastening to church immediately after, created an immense sensation.

☞ Thomas Arnold, Mr. Palgrave, Mr. Walford, a son of Mrs. Hemans, and several other prominent persons who some time since became converts to the Church of Rome, have quietly returned to the Established Church of England.

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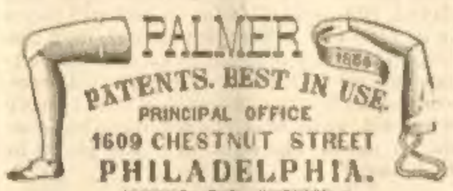

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Ruining a Banker.

In the troubled days of Ireland, towards the close of the last century, a daring fellow, one Teddy Mulrooney, was at the head of a band of his desperate and starving countrymen, who scoured the district in which they belonged, waging merciless war on the oppressors of their country, and visiting with the direst outrages those who had the reputation of grinding the faces of the poor.

One of the most obnoxious men in the county where their operations were conducted, was one Sir Lawrence Wood, a rich man, who had a bank of his own, and was supposed to have amassed an immense fortune by his financial speculations. In the course of their predatory career, Mulrooney's band seized, at various points, a large amount of Sir Lawrence's notes, some thirty thousand pounds' worth, all of which they placed in the hands of their leader to dispose of as his wisdom thought best.

One dark night, a shout like that of a thousand demons announced to Sir Lawrence that the rebels had broken into the park that surrounded his elegant country seat, while, at the same time, a glare of light gave him to understand that the incendiary torch had been applied to his dwelling. He was mistaken in that, however, for when he had hurried on his clothes and presented himself at the hall door to beg that the lives of himself and family might be spared, he saw that the invaders had merely kindled a fire of brushwood on the lawn. But the spectacle was alarming enough, as the light fell on a wild group of fierce men, ragged, and yet armed with every species of strange weapon—pikes, pistols, reaping-hooks, and scythes.

"For Heaven's sake," said the terrified banker, "spare my life!"

"Whist! ye murtherin' thafe of the world!" said Teddy. "It's not yer life we're afther desthroyin'—but it's what ye live for we'll desthroy before yer eyes, ye omodhoun. Look there, ye ould divil! and there! and there! what's thim?" and Teddy thrust an immense heap of bank notes under the nose and eyes of the banker, and then, elevating his torch, took Sir Lawrence by the nape of his neck, and bent his head forward so that he could read the paper.

"They're notes on my bank," said he; "do you want to present them?"

"To make ye a prisint of them?" cried the rebel. "Do ye think we're afther making fools of ourselves, whin we've had the trouble of collectin' yer dirthy paper? Na, ye spalpeen! we'll desthroy ivery scrap of 'em up before the eyes of yez."

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen," said the banker, secretly delighted at the intelligence, "you wouldn't beggar myself and family!"

"In course we wouldn't!" said Mulrooney ironically. "No, we come here to fill your pockets av course. Look here, there goes a thousand pounds!" And he threw a handful of notes into the blaze. "And there's another thousand! and another! and another! Och, there's lashins of 'em! And there goes the last; and now ye're as poor as the poorest man among us."

The banker affected to be in the greatest agony; he tore his hair, wrung his hands, beat his breast, groaned, and even pumped up a few tears. Teddy watched him with ferocious satisfaction, and when the sacrifice was completed, exclaimed:

"There, boys, we've *ruined* him intirely. And now, ye old thafe of the worurld, go to bed and say yer prayers, and plisint drames to yez."

With a cheer, the midnight marauders, after dancing round the expiring bonfire, retired in high glee, completely satisfied with their exploit in "ruining a banker." Sir Lawrence Wood waited until the last man had disappeared, then he burst into a horse-laugh and went up to bed, in the happy consciousness of being thirty thousand pounds richer than he was five minutes before. We know not whether Mr. Mulrooney ever discovered his mistake, but the banker had provided against such a contingency and his consequent vengeance, by securing the presence of a strong detachment of troops till the troubles of the day were over.

A Full Hand.

Although the "flush times" have passed away on the Mississippi, they still have some queer and sometimes rough customers on the river boats. On a recent trip of the "High-flyer," crowded with passengers, the clerk had allotted the last state-room, and was about to close his office, when he was astonished by the apparition of a tall Missourian, who exclaimed:

"I say, stranger, I want one of them chambers."

"Sorry, sir," said the official blandly, "but our state-rooms are all taken."

"The dence they are!" responded Missouri; "I've paid my fare, 'n I want wun of them chambers."

"Allow me to see your ticket," said the still polite clerk.

Putting his hand to the back of his neck, the passenger pulled out a ten-inch bowie-knife, and driving it quivering into the counter, said:

"I'm from Pike county, young feller, and thar's my ticket. I want wun of them chambers."

Before the steel had ceased to vibrate, the prompt clerk quietly thrust a loaded and capped six-shooter under Pike's nose, and coolly answered:

"I've only got six 'chambers,' and you see *they are all full.*"

The Missourian edged out of "range," and putting up his "toothpick," ejaculated:—"A full hand's good, by the hokies!" and strode off to seek such quarters as he could find.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Two Heroes.

Before the recent rebellion, Col. W——, during a short sojourn in Vicksburg, met there some hot-blooded Southerner, with a spirit as fiery as his own. They quarrelled—a challenge was passed and accepted, and the next rising sun was to witness one, if not both, of their dead bodies, drenched in blood, to wash out wounded honor. During the night, the colonel said, he heard a boat coming up the river, and it struck him, as he heard the boat puffing and blowing, that "prudence was the better part of valor." So he took his trunk upon his shoulder, and stepped, in the dead of the night, very quietly out of the hotel. As he neared the boat, whom should he see but his antagonist, at the boat before him, just going on board? He returned as he had gone out, and was on the ground next morning, with his second, waiting, with disappointed wrath, for his antagonist, and published him as an absconding scoundrel.

AN OBVIOUSLY ABSURD QUESTION.

"Any nuts, ma'am?"

Attempted Suicide.

While the mania for self-destruction is gathering in its victims, says an exchange, it is not surprising that John Cook should make his fifth attempt in that direction. John is an itinerant peddler of tobacco, knives and pipes, and drives no inconsiderable traffic with the laborers on the levee. In his four previous attempts to end a life embittered by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he has successively tried the river, the Old Basin, hanging, and a rusty razor. None of them proving efficient, he concluded yesterday to try the stupefying effects of laudanum. But, by some queer mistake, the druggist in compounding the narcotic, gave him instead, sweet spirits of ammonia. The effect was instantaneous. John's violent writhing was fearful. He had but little to eat of late, but that little took sudden disgust to his stomach, and was in haste to depart. Deathly sick and faint, the horror of his deed pressed heavily on his conscience. He prayed and cried for mercy. Loud and prolonged were John's wails of regret. They finally reached the ears of a policeman, who, after an hour's ineffectual search, at last found John securely hid between to cotton bales.

"Got the cholera?" he asked.

"No. Oh, have mercy!"

"What have you done?" was the next question.

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" cried John, between the intervals of his violent writhing, and paying no heed to his interlocutor.

"Why don't you say what's the matter?" asked the excited official, contemplating John with eyes that had begun to protrude with apprehension.

"Swallowed am-am-ammo—" replied John, trying ineffectually, to pronounce ammonia.

The policeman, however, had caught a different meaning, and with staring eyes, and race-horse speed, he started for his chief.

With disordered hair, breathless, and wild with excitement, he dashed into the office of the police chief.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the officer.

"Oh, sir, there's a man down here on the levee *says he's swallowed his mother!*"

"What?"

"It's a fact, sir; and if you don't believe me, just go and see, *for he is trying to fling her up now!*"

A FARMER, who had engaged the services of a son of the Emerald Isle, sent him out one morning to harrow a piece of ground. He had not worked long before nearly all the teeth came out of the harrow. Presently the farmer went out into the field to take notes of Pat's progress, and asked him how he liked harrowing. "Oh!" replied Pat, "it goes a bit smoother now since the pegs are out."

Piano Playing.

One of the most renowned pianists of the time told the writer of this article that when he played for his own pleasure he never played pianoforte music; his delight was to take an orchestral score and try how much of its effect he could reproduce from his single keyboard. To do this well is not given to everybody; but something may be achieved in that way by a true player; and another pleasant form of domestic art study is found in the endeavor to represent on the piano the combined effect of voice and accompaniment, a kind of performance which demands concentration of mind as well as delicacy of finger, and which certainly applies to higher artistic faculties than the execution of clattering fantasias on popular airs. Above all, if we look at pianoforte music proper, such as has been written by true masters of their art, who did *not* work for show, what a world of beautiful things do we find—"sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not" either the instrument or the listener's ears. The sonatas of Beethoven alone contain a response to almost every mood of the mind; and what is it that we want of music more than that it should harmonize with our humors and provide our minds with a refuge from uncongenial every-day surroundings? Perhaps there is no more striking exemplification of the beneficence of this art than the fact that in many a dull room in a dull street, where life seems tied down to the mean and vulgar and commonplace, the bare presence of a piano does then and there furnish means for instantaneous flight from such mundane annoyances, bringing at once light into the gloom and kindling the mind with noble and beautiful ideas. And, looking at the matter from this point of view, may we not be pardoned for feeling contempt for that kind of prostitution of music in our drawing-rooms which modern education has created and fostered? Musical education, for the most part goes merely to the attainment of a certain routine of mechanical dexterity. Among those who make music their profession, it is, of course, desirable that a high standard of executive power should be maintained; though Beethoven declared that all public performers seemed to him to lose expression and feeling exactly in proportion as they gained in execution. But nothing can be a more silly waste of time than for amateurs to attempt those showy difficulties which are the best stock-in-trade of too many professional pianists. They can rarely be really successful, and if they do succeed the game is not worth the candle, for the end is attained only at the expense of valuable time which might have been much better employed. What we want in our social meetings is not to have the piano kept going, like a mill, against an opposing torrent of conversation, but to have music that is worth listening to well played, if people wish for it and will listen to it, and not otherwise; and if half the time spent by young ladies at school in excursions up and down the keyboard were occupied in learning something about music as an art, some of us might have less reason to dread the sight of "the piano in the house."

Causes of Infant Mortality.

Poverty of condition is not so great an enemy to the infant poor as the ignorance of those upon whom the little ones are depending for succor and care; the curious anomaly exists, that whereas the children of the well-to-do classes perish often from deficient nutriment, the infants of the poor are victims to the disorders which result from an excess of food. The more simple the baby's food the better, if it contains the proper amount of nutritious elements; but the children of the laboring classes, as a rule, partake of the same kind of diet as their parents. This mistake arises from a false idea of economy, as regards cost and trouble, in not providing or setting apart what is suitable for the infant; thus milk, which ought to be a plentiful article at the poor man's table, is a very scarce one. It should form part of the diet of every child; but on the contrary, milk rarely finds its way into the infant's food, which generally consists of bread "sop" or "pap," when not of a still more unsuitable description.

On the other hand, those infants who are delicately reared—too delicately it may be said, as the result often proves—are scarcely better off with regard to the quality of their food; for being restricted, as a rule, to cow's milk, which does not contain the elements in proper proportion necessary for nutrition, the consequence is that these forlorn children dwindle and die; being actually starved to death with the proverbial "silver spoon" in their mouths.

Now, what is to be done? I think the solution of the difficulty lies between the two extremes, "over-feeding" and "under-feeding." Let children have milk by all means; but during the nine months which are properly considered the sucking period, cow's milk alone should not be depended upon; a slight admixture of some farinaceous substance would supply the deficiency, in the cow's milk, of the carbonaceous elements, and would bring it nearer the standard of human milk.

I have proposed elsewhere a plan for the feeding of milch cows on food rich in the saccharine elements, such as beet root, and with the addition of a small quantity of corn daily, I believe a model milk for nursing purposes might be produced, fulfilling all the conditions required for rearing hand-fed children.—*Herald of Health.*

☞ Can a civil engineer inform us how it is that the mouths of rivers are larger than their heads?

AGRICULTURAL.

The Earth Cure.

I have noticed with interest in the papers commendatory notices of the "earth closet;" and have adopted it, at least in part, as a sanitary measure in my own household. I can heartily commend it to others as a speedy and satisfactory way of abating a nuisance and enriching the soil; but the "earth cure" I regard, if possible, as a still more valuable discovery in promoting the sum of human happiness. Dry, sifted earth—loam I think the best—applied to wounds or sores of almost every type, and especially chronic wounds of man or beast, has been found to have a surprising, charming, almost miraculous, soothing, healing effect. I saw it first noticed some two months, it may be, ago, and a detailed account was given by the writer of an experiment made with it, as a curative, disinfective agent, in one of the hospitals of Philadelphia. Seven patients with obstinate and serious wounds were selected for the experiment. One was a lady from whose breast a cancer had been cut; another was a brakeman who had a limb badly crushed by the cars, and whose wound was serious and very offensive to all in the ward. The result in all seven cases was immediately salutary and surprisingly beneficial, soothing the pains, removing the offensive odor and greatly facilitating the healing process. The writer who reports these experiments says the "earth cure" may be regarded as one of the most important discoveries of the age in the healing art. I can bear testimony to its wonderful efficacy, having had occasion to try its effects on my own person, and also on one of my domestic animals, with the most gratifying results. As to the mode of application, I would say the wound should be first cleansed with lukewarm water and castile soap, then loamy earth should be sprinkled or sifted on. Cover well and bind up. Wounds thus cared for will not need frequent dressing. Try it and see what it will do for you.—*P. R. Russell, in Watchman and Reflector.*

Why Farmers Grow Heavy Wool.

Wool growers are very generally blamed for making heavy fleeces. The burden of the song of speculators and commission men is "heavy fleeces," "too much grease"—and the refrain is accompanied by the one-stringed instrument that is played upon by all Wool Buyers' Associations. The well-posted wool-grower has never attempted to conceal the fact that he makes his wool heavy because it pays him best to do so. That this is so is no fault of his. Incompetent men are sent out through the country to buy wool at an arbitrary price. They can't pay above such a price; but will take anything that is offered below or within their limit. Isn't here a premium upon heavy wool?

But suppose the grower concludes not to sell to this man, but ships his clip to Chicago, hoping to have it sold upon its merits, how does he fare? I have before me the circular of one of the largest commission houses in Chicago (dated July 6) in which I find these figures:—

Fleece XX, good condition, light,	40a43c
Fleece XX, bad condition, heavy,	38a40c
Fleece X, good condition, light,	40a42c
Fleece X, bad condition, heavy,	35a37c
Fleece medium, good condition, light,	40a43c
Fleece medium, bad condition, heavy,	36a38c

Here we find *two* cents per pound difference in price between "good condition, light," and "bad condition, heavy." Now, a well grown Merino fleece of four pounds weight would be in good condition; and one of five pounds would not be *very* heavy. But take the two for an example. I send to the commission house my four pound fleece, in "good condition, light"—sheared as soon after washing as dry, and it is sold for 40a43c—say 41½c. My neighbor allows his sheep to run two weeks after washing; then shears, and sends to the same house his five pound fleece, in "bad condition, heavy." Good condition means something more than *light.* It is free from tags, and surplus strings, and is every way sightly. Bad condition, of course, is the reverse of this. My neighbor's wool is sold for 38a40—say 39c per pound—I get for my light fleece $1.66, while he gets for his heavy fleece $1.95; in fact 29c per fleece premium for making his wool heavy, and in bad condition generally. Wool growers will put up their wools light, and good conditioned, when it is made their interest to do so. If two cents or two and a half cents per pound is all the value *light*, good conditioned wool has over bad conditioned heavy, to the manufacturer, he must content himself with the heavy—for the grower can't afford a loss of 25c to 30c on each fleece, just to tickle the pocket of his customer. Such liberality is not found in any other class of producers, and need not be looked for among wool growers, until manufacturers are ready to furnish a No. 1 doeskin at the same price per yard as an ordinary satinet.—*A. M. Garland, Chatham, Ill., in Western Rural.*

Bots in Horses.

I believe bots *can be* removed from horses without harming them in the least. First, give the horse two quarts of new milk, sweetened with one quart of molasses; second, fifteen minutes after, give the horse two quarts of strong sage tea; third, twenty minutes after giving the sage tea, give the horse three pints of currier's oil. The bots fill themselves with the milk and molasses and become lazy, the strong sage tea shrivels them up, and the currier's oil, acting as a cathartic, carries them from the stomach, when they pass away from the horse. In giving the medicine put an open bridle on the horse, take him into the barn floor, step upon a girt or scaffold, draw the horse's head gently over the beam, holding up on the bridle, when his lower jaw will drop; then insert the neck of a bottle, and pour the contents gently down the horse. *Do not gag the horse or pour the medicine into his nose.* This is a simple remedy, easily applied. I have seen it tested, and am convinced of its efficacy.—*New England Farmer.*

Don't Stay at Home.

Don't go away just yet, either, for it is a busy time—but what we mean is, farmers should visit each other more frequently than they now do, should go about in town and out, for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the practices and methods of the best cultivators, visiting their farms and stock, and observing what improvement therein is being instituted by them that can be turned to good account upon their own farms. Depend upon it, the time so spent will be well employed—you will learn more about practical farming and its improvement, the value of stock and real estate, in a few days each year by driving about and becoming acquainted in your vicinity—and we may add, also, *make more money*—than by always remaining at home. The farmer who does this is sure to know the market price for grain, produce, sheep, cattle, &c., and sells them at the right time; while it is very often the case that he who does not is sure to get *fleeced* by some cunning speculator. Bear this in mind.—*Maine Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

BLACKBERRY CORDIAL.—To one quart of blackberry juice add one pound of white sugar, half an ounce of grated nutmeg, and half an ounce of pulverized cinnamon. Tie the spice in a fine muslin bag, boil the whole, and skim it. When no more scum rises, set it away to get cold, and add one pint of best brandy. Cloves and allspice may be added in the proportion of a quarter of an ounce of each.

TO GRILL A SHOULDER OF LAMB.—Half-boil it, score it, and cover it with egg, crumbs, and parsley, seasoned as for cutlets. Broil it over a very clear, slow fire, or put it in a Dutch oven to brown it; serve with any sauce that is liked. A breast of lamb is often grilled in the same way.

THE RIDDLER.

Mythological Enigma.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 31, 6, 11, 36, 9, 13, 14, 24, 2, 16, was by the order of the gods chained to Mt. Caucasus.

My 10, 44, 39, 12, 17, was the goddess of flowers.

My 37, 23, 20, 1, was the god of war.

My 31, 14, 44, 15, 39, 26, 18, 14, 33, 27, was a fabled river of hell.

My 5, 29, 3, 38, 44, 43, was the mother of Jupiter.

My 25, 19, 44, 5, 41, 29, was the god of fire.

My 5, 2, 31, 7, 21, was the god of love.

My 37, 2, 4, 9, 33, presided over the liberal arts.

My 34, 6, 28, 42, 11, 29, was a sea god.

My 39, 35, 22, 29, 41, was the queen of the woods.

My 13, 14, 9, 18, 45, 1, was the wife of Oceanus.

My 8, 41, 5, 5, 14, 2, 1, was the god of wine.

My 30, 40, 27, 9, 6, 25, 17, was the goddess of wisdom.

My whole is what all should do.

FRANK EDMONDSON.

Oak Point, Iowa.

Mathematical Problem.

Three circles whose diameters are 8, 10, and 12 feet respectively, are inscribed in a triangle, each of the circles touching the other two and also touching two sides of the triangle. Required—The sides of the triangle.

☞ Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

The sides of a triangle are 90, 153, and 189 inches. Required—The solidity of the double cone generated by the revolution of the triangle about its longest side, also the diameter of the largest globe that can be cut from said double cone.

E. P. NORTON.

Allen, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

"One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe." Required—The diameter of such wire if the specific gravity of gold is 19.36, and the distance 25,000 miles.

Bryan, Ohio. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What are dry-goods? Ans.—Crackers and codfish.

☞ Where will you find the highest society! Ans.—In the Arctic Circle.

☞ What is the closest game? Ans.—Courting.

☞ If a leaden bullet hits a man, what striking metamorphosis takes place? Ans.—The leaden bullet becomes felt.

☞ Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Ans—Because it is incomplete without a Handel.

Answers to Last.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—

"*Work*—thy face full Heavenward—
Give thy life to God.
His sweet peace shall keep thee,
If thou 'kiss the rod.'"

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"Wine is a mockery, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Answers to H. Kobel's PROBLEM of May 23nd—Length, 19 4-5 inches; breadth, 14 17-20 inches, height 11 inches, diameter of sphere 27,084359 inches—D. Diefenbach. Length, 19.8 inches; breadth 14.85 inches; height, 11 inches—J. Scott, and J. N. Soders.

Answers to W. Hoover's PROBLEM of same date—The diameter is 23.204 plus perches—W. Hoover; 23.205 plus perches—J. Scott, and J. N. Soders. 25 perches—W. Barrett. 12.002 plus rods—J. B. Sanders, and Jennie.

Answer to J. Scott's PROBLEM of same date—13, 21, and 136—J. Scott, W. Barrett, J. N. Soders.

Answers to J. Scott's PROBLEM of May 29th—At 53 per cent.—J. Scott, J. N. Soders, J. S. Phebus, J. B. Sanders, G. Duval. 70 per cent.—W. Barrett.

Answers to E. P. Norton's PROBLEM of same date—240 rods in length and 70 in breadth, and area 105 acres—E. P. Norton, W. Hoover, J. N. Soders. 240 perches length, breadth 70 perches, area 105 acres—J. Scott. Length 210 4-5, breadth 99 2-5, area 20953—W. Barrett.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Take one bushel of tomatoes, and boil them until they are soft; squeese them through a fine wire sieve, and add half a gallon of vinegar, one pint and a half of salt, two ounces of cloves, quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of Cayenne pepper, three teaspoonfuls of black pepper, five heads of garlic skinned and separated; mix together, and boil about three hours; or until reduced to about one half; then bottle, without straining.

APPLEADE.—Cut two large apples in slices, and pour a quart of boiling water on them; strain well, and sweeten. To be drunk when cold, or iced.

RATS.—Go to a tin shop and get a lot of scrap tin, and crowd it into rat holes; they will evacuate the premises at once.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM SILK.—Powdered French chalk is very useful to remove grease from silk. If the powder is applied quickly after the grease has fallen upon the silk, the latter will be speedily absorbed; the powder may shortly afterwards be dusted off, when the spots will be found to be entirely obliterated.

IF one ounce of powdered gum tragacanth, in the white of six eggs, well beaten, be applied to a window, it will prevent the rays of the sun from penetrating.

ROLLED PATTIES FROM REMAINS OF MEAT.—The remains of roast veal, or any roast meat, are chopped very fine, with fat of ham, adding to it a little nutmeg, salt, and butter, some eggs, parsley, and chopped shalots. Stir this over the fire till thick enough for stuffing; fill some rolls with it, and bake.

☞ The woman who neglects the buttons of her husband's shirt-front is not the wife of his bosom.